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# Cherished Memories

*Written by*

*ADDIE PLANK FORNEY*

*Printed in 1941*

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# Curiosity Memories

Written by

ADDIE FRANK FORNEY



DENVER PUBLISHING CO.
1913

Printed in USA

79 8607 13

# *Foreword*

The object of writing the life history of our parents is not that they were more worthy, perhaps, than many another couple who set out on life's journey together to make their way in the world, but that those who come after them, may know something of what it meant in toil and privation to rear their children, that they might be useful citizens and a credit to those who sacrificed in many ways for their good.

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The entire narrative is written from memory . . . the early part of their lives, from what we were told; later from what we remember, which dates back to a very early age.

Many dates that might add interest will be lacking, and the exact time of events can not now be determined and will have to be approximate.

A few, however, will be exact dates.

It will be necessary to include the children in this story, as their lives were interwoven in all their affairs, so that it would be impossible to separate them.

So, perhaps, it might be more nearly correct to call this a history of the Levi Plank family.

Rec'd Mar 21-1979

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*Mr. and Mrs. Levi Plank*
*Wedding Picture, 1866*

# CHAPTER I.

## Our Grandparents and Their Families

OUR FATHER, Levi Plank, was born near Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio, January 20, 1844. His parents were Isaac Plank and Lydia (Schrock) Plank. They were Pennsylvania Dutch.

Several generations before this, the Plank ancestors came from Holland.

Our father was the eldest of the three children born to this union. The others were Jacob and Elizabeth. Their mother died when the children were quite small, and their father later married Elizabeth Nofsinger. To them were born four sons, Christian V.,David, Ephraim, and Isaac.

In the year 1852 he moved with his family to Middlebury, Elkhart County, Indiana. In 1857, they moved to La Grange County, Indiana. The three youngest children were born after they moved to Indiana. It was in this home the children grew to manhood and womanhood The second mother was very good to the three older children. She loved them and cared for them as if they were her own.

As the children grew older they all had a part in the work of making a home in what was then a heavily timbered land. There was plenty of hard, heavy work, getting the land cleared, ready to farm.

The winter Levi (later our father) was nineteen years of age, his grandfather (who was not very well, and still lived in Ohio) wrote a letter to his

son Isaac asking if Levi might not come back and stay with them and go to school. We have the original letter in our possession. It was dated November 31, 1862. The letter is printed here in order to preserve it for future generations. The whole tone of the letter, its phrasings and spelling is different from present day usage.

Wooster, Wayne Co., Ohio
Nov. 31st 1862.

Dear Friends in the Lord.

Grace be to you and peace from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ to whom be glory for ever and ever. Mother and Father.

Am thankful to the Divine Providence that I am at this time permitted to write you a few lines to know that we are all well at this time, and that we are thankful that we are as well as we are. Nofsingers are all well today.

Mother and Hester and me were at John Yoders today, they are all pretty well, and hoping when this few lines come to your hand they will find you all well. We received your kind letter Satterday the 30th and was glad to hear that you all was well, and glad to hear that you had been thinking about letting your boy go to Old Wayne this winter to go to school.

That makes us think that you have not forgotten.

We was sorry to hear about the sore that you had, but such things will happen sometimes.

The best I know is to take it all in good patiens, likely all for the good.

I was very glad to see your letter that you allowed to let Levi com and stay with me this winter and go to school.

Now I will tell you about our schools.

One Gable teaches in our schoolhouse, and we like him very well.

You said you would like for Levi to go to Duch school. There is one of Henry Stutzmans boys keeps Duch and English school down at Webbs schoolhouse near Fany Planks about three miles from us that is so. And about what the roster will be or something like, and about the girls. The purty girls are plenty, but he will have to make his choice according to taste. There will be a good chance to go to meeting, for we have meeting in our meeting house every Sunday.

I got a letter from Christ a few days ago stating that C Plank and Woyer from pretty near here was up looking for a home, and that Plank had sold out. I guess that the Yankees will drive all the Duch out yet.

I have not much more to write for it is bed time and tomorrow morning I want to take these lines to Wooster if we are all well.

So much from Father and Mother
To
Isaac Plank and Elizabeth Plank.

Our father often spoke of the winter he spent in Ohio; however, he did not seem to find a "girl to suit his taste."

Several years later he did find the "one and only" in the person of Miss Emma Lehmer.

Uncle Jacob Plank married Miss Savilla Keim. Four children were born to them, Clara, Mary, Samuel, and Frank.

Later, he married Miss Susannah Plank and to this union four daughters and one son were born, Lillie, Maude, Cora, Rollin and Madge.

Elizabeth was married to John Troyer. To them were born six children, four sons and two daughters, William, Isaac, Harvey, Nora, Mary and Clarence.

Christian V. married Celestia Smeltzly. To them

were born three children, Claude, Mary Elizabeth, and Florence.

Ephraim remained single.

Isaac married Emma Hooley. To this union four sons and one daughter were born, Clarence, Jay, Clyde, Bernice and Leonard.

After Isaac's death, David married his widow.

Our uncles were farmers, although some of them tried other lines of work, but always came back to the farm.

Our mother, Emma Lehmer, was born in Tuscarawis County, Ohio, January 19, 1848.

Her parents were Henry Lehmer and Nancy (Neff) Lehmer.

There were four sons and two daughters born of this union, Mary, Jacob, Isaac, Emma, Ira and Levi (whose nick name was Dick.)

The father, Henry Lehmer, died about the year 1856. About the year 1864, the mother married Jacob Sliffe, after which the family moved to Lagrange County, Indiana. It was here that Levi Plank and Emma Lehmer became acquainted and were married November 25, 1866.

This date fell on a Sunday. When they went to engage the preacher of their choice, they were told that he could not possibly get away from a previous appointment, so they went to see his brother who was also a preacher and met with the same answer there. He did say, however, that he would see that one or the other would be on hand. Their names were Rev. Peter Long and Rev. George Long. When the time came they were both there.

They probably both took part in the ceremony and tied them together with a double knot. Anyway,

it was destined to hold them together for over fifty years. Orange blossoms, wedding rings, flowers, and honeymoon trips were not a part of the program for the people of that day, so they did the sensible thing and went right to housekeeping. The first year of their married life they spent with her parents on a farm.

Their first little son was born while they lived at that place, and he was named Ira Willis. His birth date was October 3, 1867.

Uncle Jake Lehmer and Uncle Ike Lehmer both enlisted for service in the Civil War.

Uncle Ike was not old enough, but managed to get in somehow. After a time, he developed a "White Swelling" on his leg and it wouldn't heal so he was discharged honorably. Uncle Jake took sick and was confined in a hospital for a long time, and with homesickness thrown in for good measure, he could not get well.

He was determined to go home, and as soon as he could he slipped away.

He traveled at night and rested and hid in the day time. Of course he expected them to try to find him, but decided anything they would do to him would be better than staying in the hospital any longer. How he ever managed to get home we will never know.

When he rapped at his mother's door in the night, she called "Who's there?"

He answered, "It's Jake, and for God's sake let me in." He leaned against the door and when his mother opened it, he fell into the room completely exhausted. She helped him to bed and nursed him back to health.

The army officers did not take the trouble to hunt him up. The war was nearing its close and one sick man more or less didn't matter. As it was, Uncle Jake was a "deserter" and had no honorable discharge, so was ineligible for pension, which of course, he understood before he left.

Uncle Jake married Kate Plank, and to this union five children were born, Ella, Maggie, Bessie, Charlie, and Oscar. He was a carpenter, and woodsman.

Uncle Ike Lehmer was married to Hannah Scott, two children blessed this union, Henry and Mary. Uncle Ike was a thresherman and farmer.

Uncle Ira Lehmer learned telegraphy when a young man and made of it his life work. He was married to Mary Jane Brown. Their children were, Willis, Elizabeth Elva, and Harry Brown Lehmer.

Willis and Harry have both married.

Elizabeth Elva is a Doctor of Medicine and has remained single, and practices her profession.

Uncle Levi Lehmer left home when a young boy. He didn't even write a letter home for years. When he finally wrote he was a man, and had a job firing on a freight train in Wyoming. He married a Mormon girl who did not like the Mormons and ran away from home. They lived together for eight years, then separated. There were no children.

Years later, Uncle Dick married a widow who had eight children, and one daughter was born to them. Our Mother, and two of my sisters, Nora and Pearl, visited them about the year 1906. At that time Uncle Dick's lived on a large ranch near Big Piney, Wyoming.

Aunt Mary Lehmer was united in marriage to Christian Smeltzly.

Their children were Celestia, Emma, John, Nancy, Andy, Simon, Fred, Hattie, Ida, Alice Louisa, Anson, Daisy, and Elisabeth.

They lived in Indiana on a farm, with the exception of a few years they spent in Nebraska.

## CHAPTER II.

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### They Buy Their First Farm

THE SECOND year of their married life they bought a farm located about a half mile from her parents' home, four miles from Howe, Indiana. This farm consisted of ninety acres, some of which was timbered land, some marsh, and the rest farm land. The timber and marsh land provided pasture for the stock.

There was a long ditch beside the marsh to drain the water off, and occasionaly a cow or calf would get down in this ditch and be unable to get out. Sometimes the neighbors would have to be called in to help get them out.

The house was large, the main part being two stories and the wing one and a half stories.

The house faced the north, but also had an east front. Under the wing of the house was a large cellar. The north entrance had a hall and the front stairway led up out of the hall. There was a door on each side of the hall, one opened into our living room, and the other into the rooms Grandpa and Grandma Sliffe lived in, some time later.

Painted on the walls on each side of the stairway, at regular intervals, were beautiful (?) flowers which were supposed to add beauty but really were only gaudy. There was a back stairway which led to the rooms over the kitchen and the inside cellarway was under this stairway.

There was a rumor that the house was haunted. Years before this, a "gang" of horsethieves and counterfeiters lived here. One night the officers raided the place and in the fight that ensued one man was killed, in the front hall.

There were stains on the stair steps that could not be washed off and they were supposed to be blood stains of the man who was killed. Ever afterward, occupants of the house would imagine they heard weird noises coming from the front hall as if from a man in great agony; and they would not stay there.

In the eleven years our folks lived there they did not hear or see anything unusual.

In 1933, the writer and her husband on a trip to the World's fair in Chicago, crossed Lake Michigan in a boat, landed at Michigan City, Indiana. We went by "bus" to Lagrange, Indiana. From there we went and visited the old home. The old house had been torn down and a large new bungalow had been built on the same site.

The man who then lived there, told us that when the plaster was torn from the ceiling of the second floor rooms some coins came tumbling down. They fell clear down into the cellar among lath, plaster and boards, but only a coin or two could be found. He showed us one of them, a half dollar that was counterfeit and such a very clever likeness that it was almost impossible to detect it from the genuine. It may be there was some truth to the counterfeiting story if we do have to take the rest with "a grain of salt."

On the place was a large barn with doors wide enough to drive in to unload hay into the hay loft

which would hold many tons of hay. This is where we children used to hide eggs each year before Easter.

There was a large wood house close to the kitchen door, to which (if this story ran true to form) we would be taken to be disciplined, but honestly, I do not remember ever having been taken there for that purpose.

The smoke house was near by, where the meat would be cured before being put away for future use.

Another building, erected afterward for wagon and implement shed, was the only building that was still there as it was when we left the place.

The wood house and smoke house were quite close together. One day brother Will made a whirl-i-gig, climbed up on the smoke house and from there to the wood house and put it up on the peak of the roof. As he came down, he fell and broke both bones in his right arm. Cold cloths were kept on his arm to keep the swelling down until the doctor came out from town. It seemed like a long time to wait but at last he came and the bones were set. It healed nicely and caused him no inconvenience after it got well.

He had the same arm broken when he was between three and four years of age. He fell off the hayrack when he was riding with Pa. (We children were taught to call our parents "Pa" and "Ma" and no other names seem to fit so well, so will continue to call them by the same familiar titles.) None of the other children ever had a broken bone except Sister Lome. One day at school the children were playing "Crack the whip." The larger ones were

at the head of the line and they were arranged so that each one was smaller and smaller. The very smallest ones were at the foot of the line. They all joined hands, then started to go around in circles. When they were going about as fast as they could and stay on their feet those at the head of the line would suddenly stop and the little ones at the foot would be "cracked off" and go tumbling over and over. This was a lot of fun for the big children, but the little ones surely came to grief. Once when Lome was among the smallest ones, she was thrown and her collar bone broken.

Pa and Ma bought their farm soon after the close of the Civil War. Land prices were very high, but at that time the price of farm products was correspondingly high. However, as is always the case after a war, prices "slumped" and they had a high priced farm to pay for with low priced farm products, and they had a real struggle. They made a living, paid taxes and interest but had very little to pay on principal. A little daughter was born to them April 12, 1869, who was named Salome; another daughter, Adeline, October 26, 1870. A son Robert, July 13, 1873, a daughter Nora, July 26, 1874 and a son Charles, June 2, 1877.

These five children were all born while they lived in their first home.

Adeline or Addie as she was usually called, being responsible for writing this story, from this point will be referred to as "I."

## CHAPTER III.

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### Early Recollections

I CAN remember many incidents quite clearly after I reached the age of four years.

Among the first was that Grandpa and Grandma Sliffe came and lived in a part of our house. Grandma had had a stroke of paralysis, and had to sit in her chair most of the time.

We children were not allowed to run in and out of their rooms, but only went when we were told we might.

They always seemed glad to have us, and were very kind.

Grandma helped us to make a doll quilt (I suppose she did it all.) She tried to teach Lome and me to quilt. Lome always was handy at anything she tried to do, and she could soon make stitches very well. I also tried, but only pricked my fingers and cried because I couldn't do it. No wonder, I was only four years old.

Grandma died soon after this. I remember it well. Afterward, they stopped the clock and pinned a white cloth over the mirror. I do not know to this day why it was done, and am still wondering. Many years later I asked Pa about it, and he didn't even remember that it had been done.

The day of the funeral as we were all standing by the grave, as the casket was being lowered, Grandpa had a "stroke" and fell to the ground.

Some men went to the nearest house, and got a cot and he was placed on it and brought home. He was sick for quite a while, but got better, and after a while he went back to Ohio and spent the rest of his life with his own children . . . About the year 1870 Uncle Christ and Aunt Mary Smeltzly, with their family, went out to Nebraska, took up a claim and made it their home. They had a very hard time, for they did not raise any crops to speak of; still worse, their children had a siege of scarlet fever. One of them died, a son Andy at the age of thirteen years.

A little baby daughter Louisa, also died while they lived in Nebraska. She was only six weeks old.

Some of the other children had scarlet fever, but recovered.

After this, came the grasshoppers and literally ate everything there was in the way of vegetation.

Aunt Mary said "The onions were the last thing left in the garden, then they ate them clear down out of the ground." This was the "last straw," Uncle Christ and Aunt Mary gave it up and came back to Indiana. Aunt Mary and the children (all but the oldest son, John) came back on the train. Uncle Christ and John loaded their possessions into the wagon and drove through until they reached a stretch of road that was impassible because of the deep mud.

Somewhere in Iowa, they loaded team, wagon and all onto a freight car and when they reached La Porte, Indiana, they unloaded again and made the rest of the trip overland. I remember very well the evening they drove into our yard. They drove a team of cream colored horses to a covered wagon.

We had never seen a covered wagon before. Aunt Mary and the children arrived before Uncle Christ and John came. I shall never forget how cross and hungry the children were. They wanted to eat all the time; even after they went to bed they wanted a piece of bread with apple butter on it. Ma would get it for them and we wondered why she would let them "piece" in bed and would not let us.

They must have cried so much because they were tired and worn out after their long trip.

They did not stay at our house very long until they moved to themselves.

They never moved west again but stayed in Indiana the rest of their lives. (They did however, come to visit us here in Kansas in the year 1903.) Uncle Ike and Aunt Hannah Lehmer came at the same time. Uncle Christ used to sing songs to us and "yodel." We thought that was quite wonderful. He also played the clarinet, and his son Simon played the violin.

Some time after they had moved to themselves again, Hattie and Ida, two of their girls who were about the ages of Lome and me, came to play with us one afternoon.

We had been told never to hang from the clotheslines, for it made them sag. We just loved to do it.

This particular afternoon we showed our "company" how we could swing on the clotheslines. Pa happened to see us, and he came and switched us both, right in front of the girls, and we were so ashamed of ourselves we were hurt mentally worse than physically. Speaking of getting switched, Pa

did not whip very often, but it didn't take very often to answer the purpose.

One day in the early spring, our potatoes were sprouting badly, down cellar, and Pa sent Will, Lome and me down to sprout them. Will went to work, but Lome and I just played. He kept telling us we had better go to work or he would go up and tell Pa. Still we played, and he did go and tell on us.

We heard him say, "You tell the girls I said for them to get to work."

Still we played, and Will went up the second time and told Pa we were not working yet.

Pa said, "I'll attend to them." Will came and reported. We were watching the inside cellarway and expected to be working if he started to come down.

Instead, he went out and got a switch and slipped down the outside cellarway, and had us before we knew it. We worked pretty well after we had our whippings.

Very early in life, the boys began to show what interested them most. Will showed a definite tendency toward machinery. Anything with wheels on it attracted and held his attention; while Rob and Charlie seemed to love stock and farm work. Will never cared for stock, and Pa couldn't make a farmer of him although he stayed on the farm and worked until he was twenty-one years of age.

Rob and Charlie played with their "sheeps and cattles" from the time they were very small. They would build cornstalk pastures and corrals. They used corn cobs for cattle and shorter ones for sheep and pigs, sometimes they used gourds. After

they got older, they would take cucumbers and make legs and tails of sticks and they answered the purpose very well for play animals.

Will was born "thirty years too soon." If they had had the power machinery then that farmers now have, he might have been a farmer. Ma's brother, Ike, had a threshing outfit, and when they went there to visit Will put in all his time climbing over the machine, and was interested in making the wheels go 'round, while Henry (Uncle Ike's little boy) would say "Come on Will; let's play horse." Henry has farmed all his life. Sometimes it seems to "crop out" very early what is in a child's thinking and what his natural tendencies are, as I've said before. The most vivid of my early recollections was when less than four years old. Rob was a baby and he had a rupture. I would stand by Ma when she was giving him his bath, and I would watch her dress it. I am sure I could do it now just as she did it then. It made a lasting impression on me because she was worried about it.

Will and Lome, being older than I, had gone to school for a couple of years before I was old enough to go. The winter I was four, I cried to go with them, and they decided to let me go for a day or two, thinking I would soon get enough of it and be satisfied to stay at home.

In that they were mistaken, so I went all winter. The school house was only half a mile away. Pa used to come for us when there was deep snow and wade a path for Will and Lome and to carry me.

That winter, a Magician came to the school house and with his Magic Lantern put on an enter-

tainment. Pa took us three children. I'll never forget the wonders he performed.

He called one of the school boys up on the platform and commenced looking through his pockets, and before he finished he had pulled a whole layette of baby clothes from his trousers and coat pockets! He had another boy come up, and he asked him to blow his nose, and he blew out a big potato! He then took the potato and cut it into small pieces and put it in a vessel over a fire and it popped into nice fluffy popcorn. He put the popcorn into another pan and it popped into candy. After this he had what looked like a pile of cotton on a plate. He commenced stuffing it into his mouth and made an awful effort to swallow it, but apparently he got it all down.

Soon he began to be sick, he walked back and forth holding his stomach, then began to "throw up." He reached down his throat and began to pull out yards and yards of beautifully colored ribbons. He did many more things, but these are the ones I never forgot. To us it was very exciting.

We had always talked Pennsylvania Dutch in our home until the children started to school, then they talked English so we children would learn it and be able to get along better with our lessons. The "big girls" in school would take me on their laps at recess and noon and ask me the names of everything in the room in Dutch. When I would tell them they would laugh and I didn't know what was so funny.

I was a "chunky," red-faced, little girl, and they asked me where I got my red cheeks, and I would tell them I got them because I ate so much sausage.

One day Lome and one of the other girls misbehaved and the teacher made them sit on the floor. Children often had to stand on the floor but it was much worse to sit on it.

The first Sunday School and Church we attended was in a small frame Church about three quarters of a mile from home.

The services were conducted in Dutch.

Sometimes when the weather was warm we three older children would walk.

Lome and I were dressed alike in calico dresses, light-colored, ruffled aprons and stiffly-starched sun bonnets. We all went barefoot.

Our Sunday School teacher was Mrs. Hooley. She had a German spelling book like they used in the Dutch schools, and taught us the letters and to spell two and three letter words. I don't remember that she even told us Bible stories.

The Church had three sections of seats, one on either side and the middle section, which was divided. The men and boys sat on one side, and women and girls on the other. Even the men and their wives never sat together during the Church service.

There was no musical instrument, and no choir.

There were some Hymn books, but not enough to go around, and they had only the words and no music.

The preacher would "line the hymn" "raise the tune" and everybody would sing.

Our parents never joined the church.

Their parents belonged to the Amish Church, and they were very particular about how they dressed.

Their clothes were of good quality material but were made severly plain. They were not allowed to wear anything just to look pretty, so no trimmings were used.

The men wore hooks and eyes on their clothes, for buttons were "ornamental."

They got their teachings from some of Paul's writings in which he told the early Christians to "crucify vain pride," and they should not wear gold or costly apparel; and another thing: the women were to keep silent in Church, and keep their heads covered. They were also to be "subject to their husbands" and if they wanted to know anything they should "ask their husbands."

Well, these were carried out, for the most part, by the women of that day in that church.

During the period our parents were among the young folks of the Church, there was quite a general feeling that a lot of this was out of date, especially the plain clothes, hooks and eyes, etc.

If they would not conform to their customs they could not come into the Church.

My parents often said that Grandpa and Grandma were both very proud, in spite of their plain clothes.

Grandpa would curry and brush his driving horses until their coats would shine like satin and they were "high-steppers" and held their heads high.

Grandma would press her little white cap and apron Sunday mornings before she went to Church, for they must not have a wrinkle.

That is more pride than most of us have, but

they didn't seem to recognize it as such. They were grand, good people and lived their religion as they understood it, so far be it from us to criticize them.

Christmas and Easter are the only holidays we ever celebrated.

There were never any festivities for birthdays.

They were always looked forward to and were considered special days, but that was all.

Christmas was different: Santa Claus came and brought us gifts.

We never had a tree or hung up our stockings.

We had a large wood-burning stove in our living room, and it stood on a little board platform about four inches high.

On the edge of this platform we set our pans which maybe were pie pans or small bread pans. They were put by the stove to be handy for Santa Claus when he came down the chimney.

What we got would be cooky men and women, a stick of candy, and some raisins. The girls got a little china doll apiece with dresses of calico just like our dresses, which was a mystery. Where did Santa Claus get calico just like our dresses? The boys would get the same except instead of dolls they would get a "Noah's Ark" or some other boy's toy.

One year, our cousin Celestia Smeltzly stayed at our house, and she kept telling us that if we were not good Santa Claus wouldn't bring us anything but chips, chicken feet, and a switch, and what do you think! Christmas morning that is just what she had in her pan!

At Easter, we always had colored eggs.

Ma would sew calico scraps, like our dresses and the boy's waists, around eggs; then put lye in the water she boiled them in so the calico would fade and leave the color on the eggs. That was another mystery. The Easter rabbit laid eggs like our clothes! We never ate those eggs, of course.

It seems to me now that Ma went to a lot of trouble to see that we had a good time on those two "Special Days."

Saturdays were the busiest day of each week. There was the bread to bake — six or eight loaves — pies to bake — usually about eight of them. In the winter they were made of dried apples or homemade mincemeat. They were carried down in the cellar and put on a hanging shelf and carried up one or two at a time as needed. Maybe they were placed in the oven and would then taste as if freshly baked, and again they would be eaten cold.

Ma was a very particular housekeeper, and couldn't stand to have the house untidy. We had kitchen chairs from which the paint or varnish had long since worn off. Ma used to get a wash tub in and fix hot water and soap in it, then those chairs were srubbed until they were clean, and when they were dry they looked almost white. The kitchen windows were washed very frequently. The large bare kitchen floor was scrubbed next. Ma used to put soft homemade soap on the floor around the stove, to take out any grease spots. That would make a white lather, and the floor would really be clean. The clean chairs were set in a row on the side of the kitchen and if we could not go out to play on account of the weather we would all have to climb on those chairs and sit there until the

floor got dry. It could not be tracked over while it was wet.

Well, after supper was over and the dishes washed the washtub was again brought in and water put into it and the children got scrubbed, one by one. While Ma did that, Pa greased our shoes. We never had but one pair at a time, and they did duty for every day and Sunday both.

There were three reasons for greasing them: first, to make them look better, second, to keep them from getting water-soaked, and third, to make them wear better.

This makes me think of a story Pa used to tell about a man who thought he would make a test and find out if greasing boots really did make them wear longer. So the next pair of boots he bought he greased one every week, the other one he did not grease at all. It turned out that the one he greased lasted ten minutes the longest.

Pa had a little round-bottom iron kettle with three iron feet on it, and a bail. This had the grease in it, part tallow (maybe it was all tallow for all I know.) He greased the shoes one at a time and set them in pairs behind the kitchen stove so that the grease would dry into them. I can see them yet. The little iron grease kettle hung on a nail in the inside cellarway. I wish I knew what became of it — would like it for a souvenir.

I would not leave the impression that Pa was cross or harsh with the children. On the contrary, he was very kindly and loved them all, and only punished when they deliberately disobeyed. He always took care of the younger ones while Ma cared for the baby.

He usually had two of them on his lap at the same time and would repeat little rhymes to them while he trotted them on his knee. This is one they liked:

"Rattle up a turnpike
Jigger up a jo
Kitty's got her "tummy"
Full of buckwheat dough."

He would play with them until they were tired, then rock them to sleep. This was their sleepy song:

"Baby-bun, Baby-bun great blue eyes,
Looking now so cunning, now so very wise;
Frolicking, cherruping, full of fun
What a jolly baby-bun!

Fat round face and a dimpled chin,
Three white teeth and a roguish grin—
Frolicking, cherruping, full of fun
What a jolly baby-bun!

Nible Dick, Nimble Dick, black as tan,
Keep the little puppy quiet if you can;
Here he is! There he is! Don't you see
What a busy dog is he!

Coat as sleek as a dandy's clothes,
Proud as Dick of his tapered nose;
Here he is! There he is! Don't you see
What a busy dog is he!"

These are not the only ones he sang, he knew a lot of them. Some of them were Dutch songs.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### Preparing to Move to Kansas

AS THE years went by and the family increased until it numbered eight, the load was getting very heavy indeed.

To make matters worse, Ma's health was failing, and much of the time "help" had to be kept, which was an added expense.

The same low price for farm products seemed to persist, and it was increasingly difficult to meet the interest and tax payments, and still very little, if any, to apply on principal. Finally after twelve years, they decided it was hopeless.

About this time there was a great Kansas "Boom" on. There was much advertising, and cheap Home-seekers' excursions were being run from the East to the West.

So, in the fall of 1878, Pa, his two brothers Christ and Dave, his brother-in-law, John Troyer, and several of our neighbors came to Kansas on one of those excursions to "spy out the land." Sam Mast was one of the men. We had heard Pa say that Sam Mast was "busted," then again we would hear him say that Sam was going along to Kansas, and we were puzzled as to how he could go any place if he was "busted."

We were not allowed to ask questions when the older folks were talking, so there were a lot of things we did not know.

Their first stop was at Salina, from which they went on to Solomon, and Wilson, which was their farthest point west.

Some of the men liked Kansas, and others did not. Of course the land agents tried to make them believe it was the "garden spot of the United States."

Pa, Uncle Christ, and Uncle Dave were convinced, and when they got home they began to make preparations to go West. Pa also hoped that a change of climate might be good for Ma. Pa brought each of us three girls a pretty, flowered, china mug.

Each had a motto, one, "A Present" another "Forget-me-not" and the other "Reward of Merit." We prized them very highly, and now, after sixty-two years, I still have mine, but do not know whether the others survived the years.

Now, having decided to go to Kansas, there were busy days ahead.

Outside, the corn had to be husked, the feed and hay hauled in, the stock to be fed and got ready for the sale, the implements to be assembled and put in shape to sell.

Apples by the wagon load to pick, and a lot of them prepared to bring along.

This was an exciting time!

The neighbors came in and brought their apple-peelers. The table was stretched full length, and the peelers clamped to the sides; then the work began.

Peeled apples were put in large containers and the women would sit back and quarter and core

them ready to dry or cook into apple butter and jelly.

In the morning some of the apples would be spread on dryers, and some put into large kettles over open fires, out of doors, and cooked into apple butter.

This was made by cooking the apples in sweet cider with very little or no sugar. They boiled it until it was perfectly smooth and so strong it did not have to be sealed to keep. When finished it would be put in earthern, gallon jars and it would never spoil.

The jelly was also made in quantity lots and put in wooden tubs with wooden lids. These were like they used to pack butter in for shipping to the large markets, and held about six quarts, I should judge.

Then there was cider to be made. All the small and faulty apples were taken to the cider mill, and made into cider. This later turned to vinegar.

I would be afraid to say how much of all this was made and brought along to Kansas for it would sound unreasonable.

Then there was the butchering to do. An extra number of hogs were butchered.

The neighbors again came and helped. Sausage was made and stuffed, lard rendered in large iron kettles over an open fire out of doors. Head cheese and liver wurst had to be made, and all the rest that goes with butchering. There was soap to make, too. They always made their laundry soap.

In Indiana we burned wood, and the ashes were put in the ash-hopper, which was a barrel propped up at a slant and had a spout inserted at the

lower edge. A large jar would be set under this spout and water poured over the ashes; when it drained through the ashes it ran into the jar, and was lye.

They would test the strength of it by putting an egg in the jar and if it would float on top, the lye was strong enough to make soap.

There was never any grease allowed to go to waste; it was all saved and put into a vessel for soap grease.

The lye and grease were combined in certain proportions, and cooked in a large iron kettle out of doors, and the soap made.

We had a hogshead of soft soap that we brought to Kansas. It was used for laundry and dish washing.

Pa sold the farm to a man by the name of Yost Yoder. After all the other preparations were made he got ready to have an auction sale.

He had stock, farm machinery, some feed and grain, some household goods and the sale bills said "other things too numerous to mention" and, we wondered what was meant by that. We did not ask, so just wondered.

The sale day came, and with it about everybody from far and near.

The sale bill advertised "free lunch on grounds." This consisted of apples, sweet cider, and a barrel of crackers which Pa had bought. There may have been other food, I do not remember. The apples and cider were common, but the crackers were a treat to us, as we had them only on rare occasions.

Everybody helped themselves, and seemed to enjoy them.

After the sale was over everyone took his purchases and went home.

It gave us a queer feeling to see our horses and cattle and other things being taken away.

Before we broke up housekeeping, the neighbors came in and gave us a farewell party. We children always spoke of it as our "peanut party" for everyone had all the peanuts he could eat — another luxury we seldom enjoyed.

The home was finally dismantled and we visited for a few days, and stayed the last night at Pa's Uncle Christ Plank's. The Grandparents with whom Pa spent the winter in Ohio, years ago, were now living there in part of Uncle Christ's house. I remember bidding them good bye the morning we were leaving. Grandma had been in a wheel chair for a long time, and could not do any work.

I can feel her hands yet,— they were as soft and smooth as silk

As she shook hands with us she put some candy in each of our hands. Candy was also a treat, and we surely loved it.

We never saw our great grandparents again, for they both died the next year, 1880.

## CHAPTER V.

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### We Start For Kansas

FORT WAYNE was about forty miles from home. It was there we took the train. We children were playing on the station platform waiting for the train. The platform was made of two-by-sixes, or eights, laid about a half-inch apart. Nora was playing with her beads and dropped them. They went through a crack, and did not go to Kansas with us! (Another strand replaced them as soon as an opportunity afforded to get them.)

Well, the train came at last. It was called an "emigrant train" and it was not much of a train as compared with the present "streamliners."

The car in which we rode, I think, was the poorest one, for the seats were not even upholstered. They had slat seats and backs.

It seemed as if every family on it had all their worldly possessions with them, and large families of children, who put in most of their time crying, eating and running to the water cooler and toilet.

We knew we were to cross the Mississippi River and were very eager to see it. We had Pa promise to waken us if we should cross it at night when we were asleep. Sure enough we did cross it at night, and he wakened us. The train ran very slowly and it took a long time to get across. Ma dreaded that river, and was glad when we were safely over.

We came directly to Salina.

Uncle Christ and Uncle Dave had come in November, 1878, and rented a small house on the west edge of town.

It was now January, 1879. Uncle Dave met us at the station. He drove his mules hitched to a wagon. They were the first mules we had ever seen; their names were "Jack" and "Puss." Since there was not room enough at Uncle Christ's for all of us, their neighbors just across the street (who had a large house) very generously offered sleeping rooms, which we accepted with thanks. Their name was Kroft. We stayed at Salina only a few days. The men put in the time looking at and pricing farms but soon found that it was too high-priced for them, so they had to go farther west.

Uncle Dave was to take us in his wagon to Rice County. It was bitterly cold.

We children were very eager to be on the way.

Pa told us that every one of us would cry before we had been on the way very long. All of us did, unless it was Lome; she always declared she did not.

When we were crossing one of the streams that was frozen over, the mules and wagon broke through, and we were in quite a dangerous predicament for a little while, but came out all right.

When we got to Bavaria we were all so cold we stopped at a little grocery store to get warm. They had a very poor excuse of a fire. Ma bought her a brown and white plaid head shawl which she tied over her head. She was much more comfortable the rest of the trip. When we got to Rice County, we stopped with a Quaker family by the name of Bonine. They surely had the "western hospitality,"

and we stayed while Pa hunted a place to rent. He had no way to go except a-foot. He heard of a place for sale or rent two miles north of Sterling and he went to see about it. It was an eighty-acre farm owned by a man by the name of Maston. He told Pa that if the farm should sell he would have thirty days in which to find another place.

Pa rented it on those conditions.

He then sent word to Indiana for them to ship his goods.

We stayed at Bonine's till the car came, which was at least a week or ten days. Mr. Bonine was very poorly; his wife was rather stout, had a very kindly face and seemed not to mind having this large addition to her family thrust upon her.

We were all excited when our car arrived. It was shipped to Sterling.

In the car was our furniture, all the farm implements, wagon, and two seated spring wagon, a team of three year old colts (Bill and Flora), two cows (Rose and Lade), barrels of apples, and all the dried apples, apple butter, jelly, the hogs head of soap and other things "too numerous to mention." A cousin of Pa's, Amos Plank, came with the car. The railroad company furnished free transportation to a man caring for the livestock in the car. When the car was unloaded everything was in good shape except that "Lade" had a badly injured hip. It had rubbed and bumped against the side of the car until the hide and flesh were all rubbed off. Even the bone was worn down and it was a very bad sore by the time they got here. Pa took good care of it, and after a while it healed.

Nora was the only one of the children that did

not seem to enjoy all that was going on. She got so she didn't want to play or even eat. They couldn't find out what was the matter with her. When our furniture came and we went to housekeeping again, she was as happy as could be, so they decided she was homesick.

The house we moved into was a little three-room affair — two very small bedrooms and one larger room for all other purposes. Ma was not at all well — could not bake bread or do the washings. They often sent me to town a-foot to buy bread at the bakery. Sometimes some one picked me up, but most of the time I walked both ways.

Pa did the washing on the washboard. He would take a day off when everything on the place was dirty and make a day of it. He said he did not mind doing the white clothes so much, for he could tell when they were clean, but he would have to guess at the colored ones.

Will, Lome and I went to a three-month spring term of school.

The school house was a half mile north and about a mile east of our house; sometimes we cut across the fields.

Our teacher's name was Emma Gibson. She is still living near Hutchinson.

There was a large school and there are still quite a number of people around Sterling who were the pupils then.

Pa commenced his farming operations early in the spring.

The wind and sand blew terribly when it was dry.

He would plow a furrow around the field and

by the time he was around the furrow would be nearly full of sand.

He soon decided that when he was ready to buy a farm it would not be where the soil was so sandy.

He sowed a field of oats which came up beautifully.

The wild geese soon commenced to come, and there were thousands of them. They would circle around, then light and enjoy a real treat. They had to be driven off the fields, sometimes again and again, before they would stay away.

There were the common gray geese and there were white ones. They were called "Brants." The fields would be so completely covered with them, it looked as if they were covered with snow.

Many people shot the geese for food. Pa had a rifle, but he never used it for anything but to shoot the hogs at butchering time. Many people shot prairie chickens, quails, cottontails and jackrabbits for food, also.

We never liked game of any kind, so Pa never bothered about hunting.

Well, in June "company" came to our house. A man his wife and baby daughter. They walked out from town wheeling the baby in a two-wheeled go-cart. They were Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sturgeon and baby.

They came from Pennsylvania. They heard that the farm was for sale so came out to look it over.

I can see them yet — Mr. Sturgeon tall and straight and blonde; Mrs. Sturgeon rather short, slender and also blonde. The baby was "white as milk." All were well dressed.

We were all naturally dark, and after having been out through all the spring winds were badly tanned; there certainly was a contrast in complexions.

Well, they looked the farm over, and soon bought it.

That meant we would have to move in thirty days.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### Pa Buys A Farm

YOU MAY wonder why the folks did not take up a homestead when they came to Kansas. The reason was that there was no more homestead land available in this part of Kansas, and they did not want to go farther west.

After 1870, there were very few if any Indian raids, and the buffalos disappeared about the same time.

There was plenty of railroad land for sale at $3.00 per acre. That was back so far from town that it would have been too inconvenient.

The land close to town that Pa liked was schoolland. After buying an individual's equity, there was twenty years' time given to pay the balance.

Pa found an eighty acre farm that suited him. It was rich black soil, and well out of the sand.

The farm was located three miles north of Lyons. A man by the name of Absalom Lamar owned it and wanted to sell out. Pa bought this place and we moved to it in July, 1879.

We were now neighbors to Mr. Bonines, who had taken us in when we first came to Rice County. The farm had a dugout about fourteen by sixteen feet, and a good well. There was nothing else in the way of improvements.

The day came when again we broke up housekeeping. The furniture was loaded into the wagon,

as much as would go on at a time. There were several loads. It was eleven miles to our new home and it took about all day to make a trip. The last trip the family went. The two cows were tied behind the wagon and we older children would take turns walking and driving the cows.

They seemed very reluctant to make that move, and needed quite a lot of urging. When we got there the cows were put out to pasture. A rope about fifty feet long was tied around their horns and an iron picket pin to the other end of the rope would be driven into the ground and the cows could graze as far around as the rope would let them go. The horses were also staked out when they were not at work.

Well, somehow, we moved into the dugout, I can't imagine how.

The first thing Pa did by way of improvement was to build a bed-room. It was boarded up and down, had rough board floor and a shed roof. It was large enough for two beds, and a "trundle bed" was pushed under one of the other beds in the day time, and pulled out at night. The younger children slept in it. We only lived this way till the next January when the new house was built, up close to the road. The dugout was back about forty rods from the road which seemed to be customary in the early days.

All the latter part of the summer and early fall, Pa used every day he could spare from his other work to haul rock for the basement of the new house.

The rock quarry was about ten miles from home. Pa would take horse feed, and a lunch for himself,

*First House, Built in 1880 on Farm North of Lyons*

and it was a long hard day's work for himself and team to get out, and haul home a load of rock. There is no way of telling how many loads it took, it would be interesting to know.

The new house consisted of a basement kitchen and a room built over it. A small cellar the size of the bedroom Pa built, and the bedroom was moved over it and against the side of the other room.

That was a very good early-day house and we lived in it that way for a time, then built on a kitchen, half in the ground and half above ground. For a long time we used it with only the ground floor but afterward a flooring floor was put in. We lived in the house as it now was for eight years.

We improved the farm further by setting out a hedge all around for a wind break. Some of this hedge is still alive and has served its purpose through the years.

Our first barn was made of a framework of poles and limbs and covered with straw. This made a very comfortable shelter for the two horses and cows.

A well was dug near the kitchen which had a curb, and the water was drawn up by rope and pulley method. The buckets were made of wood like small barrels that held about three gallons each. One would come up full while the other went down empty. It was quite a chore to draw enough water to do a washing, but much more of a chore to draw it for the stock.

One of our cows would be fresh in the spring the other in the fall, so we were never without milk.

After the first couple years, when the provisions we brought with us were all used up, we commenced

to live about on a level with our neighbors about us.

I can still hear Ma say, "Be careful and don't disturb the cream," when we would go to get milk to use in the cooking. The cream had to be made into butter that was sold to buy what we could not get along without. I used to nearly starve for butter. When we got so wealthy we could use all the butter we wanted to eat, we were about "on top."

I think a lot of the dried apples, jellies, lard and so forth were sold at the stores, and other things bought or the exchange made.

We used to eat mush and milk for suppers in the winter. I never liked it a bit but when that was all there was on the table we had to eat it. We all liked fried mush for breakfast.

We had cornbread quite often. I didn't like it either and when we took it to school for lunch and had to eat it cold, soaked in sorghum molasses, it was terrible. When we first moved to our present home, Lyons was only a very small town without even a railroad. Everything seemed to be higher priced than in Sterling, and not as many or as large stores. The folks did most of their trading in Sterling, the first year or two.

They would hitch the team to the wagon, start early in the morning and either take a lunch or buy some crackers and cheese, do their trading, then drive home. It was thirteen miles and took all day.

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We six children were left alone. Will was twelve, Charlie two, and the other four between those ages. They would draw a pail of water for us, then warn us to stay away from the open well.

The lamp would be filled and placed on the table.

We could light it if it got dark before they got home, but were not allowed to carry it from place to place after it was lighted.

We can remember yet how long those days were, June 21st would sink into insignificance in comparison.

Along toward evening we commenced to look for them. We would almost run ourselves out of breath, back and forth, to look down the road for them. If it should get too dark to see, we would all huddle together like a flock of lost little chickens and keep still so we could hear the first sound of the wagon wheels when at last they came.

We were so happy when they got home, and their purchases brought in. Besides groceries, sometimes there would be new shoes and stockings or materials for new dresses for us girls and waists for the boys. It was as good as Christmas, and we got a lot more than we did at Christmas.

Once in a while there would be a little sack of candy which was divided equally, and we would eat of it very sparingly to make it last as long as possible.

Once in a long time they would buy some oranges. They would be divided into quarters.

The first whole orange I ever had was when I attended a Sunday School picnic, and my "beau" gave me one. I was so proud of it I carried it around a half day before eating it. This was when I was sixteen years old. We talk of "hard times" now, when children are almost raised on oranges, grapefruit, candy and ice cream.

## CHAPTER VII.

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### Let's Talk About Our Neighbors

WE HAVE mentioned the Bonine family and told that they were Quakers. They, however, were not the only family of Quakers. We soon found out that most of our near neighbors were Quakers.

There was the Jessup family, who lived just a half miles south of us; the Simons family just south of Jessups; and the Chitty family, on the next farm to the south of Simons. There was the Rev. Stephen Scotts, who owned the eighty acres just west of our place. There may have been others, these were our closest neighbors.

They had no church building, but they held services and Sunday School around in the homes. Soon after we came they commenced to plan for a church, an acre of land was bought across the corner from our place to the southeast, only a quarter of a mile away. Most of the work was donated, and I think some of the materials, so it was built with a minimum of expense. We attended Sunday School at Mr. Jessup's before the church was built, then almost everyone attended services in the new church. There were several preachers among the Quakers, Mr. Scott, Mr. Bonine, Mr. Chitty and Mrs. Simons, were all preachers as I remember, although I am not quite certain about Mr. Bonine and Mr. Chitty.

These Quakers were the old style, who waited for the Spirit to move them before they sang, prayed or preached. I wonder what would have happened if the "Spirit" would have moved all the preachers to preach at the same time.

Children sometimes get things pretty badly mixed up, and misunderstand what is said and meant when they listen to preaching. I have never forgotten one thing I understood Mrs. Simons to say one day in her sermon. This is it, "I have done so much good in my time I feel that I could do anything I wanted to from now on and the dear Lord would save me." Small as I was, I seemed to know that it was only those who were good all their lives would be saved. I probably misunderstood her, like the little boy who was asked when he got home from church what the preacher's text was, and he said, "for many are cold, but few are frozen."

About the year 1885, a number of families came to our neighborhood from near Maroa, Illinois. Several of them bought farms near us, the J. W. Long family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Long, Alvin and Fred bought the Jessup farm. Mrs. Sarah Hilt, her four sons, Joe, Charlie, Max and Frank, also her father Mr. Bowlby, bought the Bonine farm. Mr. Milt Ellis and his sister Dora, the farm that joined us to the north, and about this time Pa bought the Scott eighty, so soon after this the Quakers were all gone and we missed their soft spoken thee's, thy's, and thou's. They were a mild-mannered people, who attended to their own business and lived their religion every day.

The personnel of our neighborhood was now

completely changed. We still had good neighbors but they were different in many ways. The church was sold and moved away.

The quarter section that cornered with ours to the northeast was all prairie land up to this time.

A family came from Galesburg, Illinois, and bought the farm. They were well along in years, as their youngest son was a young man, and the only one of their children to come with them. I am speaking of the Valentine De Bacher family. They were German Catholics. We always called them Grandpa and Grandma: nearly all the early settlers were young people so this was a change.

The De Bachers built a small, three-room house, two small bedrooms and a larger room for all other purposes. After the house was finished, the neighbors went in one evening and had a "housewarming" party. Soon the furniture was set out of the way and it was turned into a dance.

Grandpa and Grandma watched for a while then they got into the spirit of it, and went out on the floor and waltzed beautifully. Later in the evening, they went to the cellar and brought up some homemade grape wine and served the guests.

Grandpa had a very uncertain disposition and was like the "little girl with the little curl," when he was good he was very good and when he was bad he was horrid. Grandma used to tell of his spells of temper. He was very particular to see that his stock was comfortable on winter nights and had the habit of going to the barn the last thing at night to see that everything was all right.

One night when there was a raging blizzard coming down from the north, Mr. De Bacher lit the

lantern and started to the barn. As he went around the corner of the house his lantern blew out. He went back and lit it again, and the same thing happened again. He was getting pretty mad, but went back once more, with the same result. He went back opened the kitchen door and threw the lantern clear across the kitchen and said plenty of words that would not look very well in print. After he calmed down a bit he told Grandma, that the Devil was playing tricks on him again and he never would let him alone until he swore for him real hard.

Mr. and Mrs. De Bacher always went to town Saturday afternoon. At one o'clock he drove up fo the kitchen door with the team hitched to the lumber wagon and if Grandma came right out, she went along to town. If she was not ready, she would have to stay at home. Usually she was ready, even if she had to take her hands out of the dishwater, and leave the dinner dishes half finished. She took her butter and eggs to town and bought calico for dresses and aprons for herself, and shirting, thread and buttons for Grandpa's shirts. Sometimes it was sheeting and muslin for pillow-cases, and sheets. Monday morning she usually came down the road carrying her bundle for Ma to do her sewing. She always thought no one else could do it as well as "Mother Plank."

If we were washing she would say, "No, no, I don't want to work I just came for the wages." She talked with so much of an "accent" it was not easy to understand her.

Grandma raised quite a lot of chickens and made pets of them.

Grandpa could never stand for the hens to make nests in the horses' mangers or feed troughs. One old hen wanted to set and no where else seemed to suit her except the feed trough in the barn. Grandpa threw her out time and again and at last he was out of patience and threw her against the side of the barn. Grandma said, "After that she quit setting and went to laying, but with her feet up." After some time they built a kitchen onto their house and put it out in front!

The well and cellarway were back of the house, now they had to carry all the water from the back to the front and go around the house to get into the cellar. It surely was inconvenient, to say the least. The house still stands very much as it was but they long ago commenced using the new addition for the living room and cut a door and built a porch to the back and it is all right since those changes were made.

One Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. De Bacher both went to town and Grandpa went home about four o'clock, as usual. He was always so punctual about going home one could almost have set the clock by his going home time. This particular time he had forgotten that Grandma had gone with him and did not remember until he got home and found she was not there. He had to drive back to town and get her. Now-a-days that would not be much of an extra trip, or have taken much time, for it was only three and a half miles to town, but when an extra seven miles had to be made with the work horses hitched to the lumber wagon it was quite an added chore, and probably after that he re-

membered to take his wife home with him the first time.

Grandma used to get so homesick and beg him to go back to Galesburg to live. He could never find a good time to go. They had several children in Illinois, some of them married. They often came out to visit. A little granddaughter came and was with them for a year, that pleased Grandma and she loved to buy pretty clothes for her.

Grandma finally got sick and died. They took her body back to Galesburg for burial, and after that Grandpa made his home with his children and never came to Kansas to live any more.

I am telling of this family more in detail because they were our nearest neighbors and we associated with them more intimately perhaps than with our other neighbors.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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### The Family Has a "Measle-y" Time

ONE VERY cold and disagreeable day in November the folks went to Sterling to do their usual trading. On the way home, Pa began to have chills and he said, "Here, Ma, take the lines and drive, I'll get off and walk a while, I'm so cold."

She took the lines, but he did not walk very far, for he was feeling sick. By the time they got home he had fever and was beginning to cough.

Pa was sick all night and no better the next morning. Ma was afraid he was taking pneumonia, he had such a tightness on his chest. The next morning she was standing by his bed and pushing his hair back from his forehead, when she noticed he was breaking out with a fine rash. She sent for a doctor and found he had measles. He was real sick right from the first, and one night Ma became frightened and sent for the doctor again.

This time the doctor fixed up a batch of medicine in a teacup, of which he was to take a teaspoonful "every so often." The next day Ma was mixing bread, and she saw that it was time for medicine, so she called to him that he should take his medicine. Pa picked up the cup and began to drink from it, pretty soon he said, "How much of this am I to take, seems to me this is an awful dose." Ma said, "My goodness — a teaspoonful!"

He said, "Well, it's about all gone." She wanted to send for the doctor right away, but he wouldn't let her. She was afraid to stay alone with him that night, so she sent me up to Uncle Christ's to see if he could not come and stay over night. I went about the middle of the afternoon. It was five miles and I walked.

Of course, Ma expected Uncle Christ would come, and I could ride back with him. He had a big load of corn on the wagon, so he told me to run along back and tell Ma that he would come horseback, when he had his chores done, and had his supper.

So, I had a ten mile trip instead of five. It began to get dark before I got home, and my feet got very light! I'd run until I was out of breath, and had to walk again. In passing the cornfields, when the wind would rattle the leaves, I would be sure something was coming to chase me. When I got home Ma said, "Where is Uncle Christ?" I told her what he told me to, and she said "Couldn't he have taken you on the pony with him?" She was surely peeved.

Well, Uncle Christ came not so long afterward, and Ma was plenty glad to see him. Pa was better that night and improved very rapidly, and before many days was out working as usual.

He often laughed about the "awful dose" of medicine he took, and would say, "that must have been the kind, that if a little would do a little good, more would do more good."

We children commenced taking measles and not one of us escaped. Some of us were pretty sick,

some not so bad. Charlie was the last one to take them.

The neighbors would come in to see how we were getting along with the measles, and Charlie was still feeling fine. One day one of them said, "Well, Charlie you havn't got the measles yet?" He said, "I'm not going to get the measles; my breath is too strong." He probably had heard that they were contagious from the breath. He got it mixed up a bit. "Last but not least" Charlie took them. Ma had an awful time to keep him quiet, and didn't succeed too well.

One cold, windy day, Pa was working out in the north field and Charlie slipped out (when Ma had her back turned) without wrap or anything on his head, and he was running as fast as he could against the wind. He loved to be out where Pa was working. Pa saw him coming and ran to meet him, took off his coat and wrapped him in it and carried him back to the house.

Ma missed Charlie right away, and saw him running up to to the field where Pa was working. Of course they were both sure he would have a relapse, for he was at the worst stage of the "breaking-out" period. It did not seem to have done him any harm; guess it was "because his breath was too strong."

It was very fortunate that Ma had had the measles when she was a child. She took care of all of us, and did not have very much help. She was never very well, either. On the whole we were a very healthy family, and only when the diseases all children seem to fall heir to, were epidemic, were we ever sick.

*Levi Plank Family, 1880*

Pa did not take the children's diseases when he was a child, so had that coming to him when he was older. He slept between Rob and Nora when they had whooping cough and took care of them the whole time it lasted, and he did not take it. At other times, one or two of us would have it, and still he escaped. At last he did get it, and it pretty nearly made him cough himself "blue in the face." He said he slept with his brother Jake when he had mumps, and did not take them. That is one of the diseases he never did have.

At last we were all well again and things settled back to their normal routine.

I mentioned Lyons not having a railroad at this time. The first county seat was at Atlanta. It was a very small town on the Santa Fe Trail, a couple miles southwest of where Lyons now stands.

The town was moved to its present location and the name changed to "Lyons" in honor of the man on whose land the town was located. The first courthouse was built of soft, red brick, but must have been painted some light color, for it was not red after we came. This building was two stories high and was square. The business houses were built in a square with the courthouse in the center.

Before churches were built, services were held in the courthouse.

I think it was the next year they commenced grading a railroad. It was a branch of the Santa Fe and was being built from Florence, Kansas, to Ellinwood, Kansas. One of the men who lived in Lyons had a contract for a certain part of the work. After this road was finished he got a big contract in New Mexico. He must have made good

on that job for he came back to Lyons and built him a fine, large house, the finest Lyons had up to that time, said to have cost $25,000. The gossips said, "They bought all their furniture and furnishings in Kansas City!" When it was all furnished they gave a "swell house-warming" party. All the "elite" of the town were there. As I remember, the whole third story was a dance hall.

Kansas had "gone prohibition" before this time, but no one would have suspected it at the party that night. We had a cousin, Maggie Lehmer, who told us what went on there that night.

When these people became wealthy their only daughter had a "maid." The maid was our cousin Maggie!

She was pretty, a blonde, and full of life. She loved to sing and could dance like a fairy. Of course she was not supposed to be seen at the party, only as she was on servant duty. After she had helped the daughter get ready, she disappeared, for she had different plans for the evening. She went to the daughter's wardrobe and selected her a party gown and appeared in the ball room with the guests! Everyone was asking each other, "Who is that? Who is that?"

Maggie said they couldn't very well create a scene by asking her to leave, so she had the "time of her young life," and was the "Belle" of the evening!

Later in the evening, many who had partaken too freely began to be irresponsible, and queer things happened. The special one I never forgot was that they had a large clothes chute built in the house, and one man staggered and fell into that

chute and "skidded" clear down into the basement laundry room on a pile of dirty clothes!

After the railroad came, Lyons grew more rapidly. A test was made to discover if there might be oil in that vicinity. No oil was found at that time, but they did discover an almost inexhaustible supply of rock salt, nearly a thousand feet below the surface. Before long a salt plant was erected, and operations begun.

The salt industry proved quite an asset, as it furnished employment to many working men throughout the years, and is still a thriving business. Years later another large plant was built which they claim is the second largest in the world.

Lyons took a real "boom" in the 80's and they had visions of getting the State Capital moved from Topeka. The more enthusiastic even had visions of having the United States Capital located here, for was not this the logical place for it, right in the center of the United States? A three-story brick hotel was built, and street cars were talked of. There did not seem to be enough of "what ever it took" to hold up the "inflation," and before long the "big bubble" burst.

Fine residences that had been built all over town could be bought for only a fraction of what it had cost to build them. Others sold for taxes, and business was really "flat."

## CHAPTER IX.

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### Further Improvements

IN 1885, a branch of the Missouri Pacific railroad was built through Lyons. It went from Geneseo through Lyons to Hutchinson, and on to Yates Center, where it connected with the main line. This road passed just a half mile east of our place, and when they had it finished and trains began to run, it gave us quite a thrill. It was in plain view for several miles.

Ma's brother, Ira Lehmer, who was a telegrapher, came to Geneseo from Omaha, where he had been working many years. He followed the same line of work after coming to Geneseo. The family lived in town for a time, then Aunt Mollie and the children moved to a farm several miles from town. Later, they all went to Oklahoma where Uncle Ira and Aunt Mollie both died. They were both buried in the Lyons cemetery.

In 1887, still another railroad was built. This was the "Frisco" and ran from Ellsworth to Wichita. This road ran a half mile west of our place. Pa sold a strip of our farm to the company for right-of-way. These roads are still operating, but are not running as many or as long trains as they formerly did. Buses and trucks have "cut in" on the railroad business until they seem to be having difficulty in operating profitably.

Some time in the early 80's, the Rice County

Fair Association was organized. The fair grounds were just across the road east of the Lyons cemetery, north of Lyons.

The fair was quite an attraction, and people from far and near attended. They brought the whole family and stayed all day and "far into the night." The exhibits were very good, and there were very few, if any, attractions such as almost monopolize the fairs of recent years (which we think was all "to the good!")

They had a half-mile race track where they had running and trotting races, bicycle races, slow mule races, and what-not.

One year the fair advertised a five mile "Ladies' Race." This was a horseback riding race, and the ladies rode side-saddles. There were only two contestants: Miss Maude Halladay, of Ellsworth, Kans., and Miss Alice Borah, of Lyons. The winner was to receive one hundred dollars. (Miss Borah was a sister of the late William E. Borah of Idaho.)

Well, the day of the race arrived, and with it the fair grounds filled with people. The ladies and horses were in readiness at the appointed time. The judges in the stand. Each lady had several changes of horses and men to lift them from one horse to another, and they were off again.

They were to ride ten times around the ring, and the first to complete the ten rounds was, of course, the winner.

Round and round they went, and it was very exciting!

The judges stopped them at the completion, and announced Miss Halladay was winner. At that there was a protest. Some claimed they had counted

the rounds, and they had gone thirteen rounds and that Miss Borah was ahead the end of the tenth round.

The judges, of course, could not change their decision, so Miss Halladay was awarded the one hundred dollars prize money. At that, several men went out through the crowd and took up a collection for Miss Borah and she got as much as Miss Halladay did, but of course, lost the decision.

There was an old colored man by the name of Dick Early living southeast of Lyons. He did enjoy the fair. He had bought a new "surrey," (two seated spring wagon) and drove to the fair in it. This particular day he "parked" his surrey outside the fence by the race track so his wife could sit in it and watch the races. During one of the running races a horse "dashed" out through the fence, and in the mix-up the surrey was overturned and badly broken up. Mrs. Early, who was a large fleshy woman, had a leg broken and was otherwise cut and bruised. Mr. Early lamented very much the loss of his surrey, but did not have much to say about his wife's injuries. People said that he probably thought his wife would get well, but the surrey was almost a total loss.

"Nigger Dick" was quite a character. He was very religious, but he liked to take a "nip" occasionally, and it usually ended up in being a drunken spree. After one such spell he was praying "Oh Lord, I want to be good but every once in a while I slip plump back into de gully."

Once when Dick had indulged too freely the preacher called on them. The old lady told the preacher that her husband had been "chewing too

much 'bacca,' it always made him sick when he chewed too much bacca." The preacher did not get to see Old Nigger Dick that day.

The fair went the way of many another project which fulfills its mission. The county was without a fair until about the year 1902 or 1903 when they fixed up a fair ground about a mile and a half south of Sterling. That seemed to have lasted only a couple of years and died a natural death, and none have been attempted since. Hutchinson, having a State Fair each year, is close enough so anyone who wants to, can attend. Rice county does not need one of her own any more.

## CHAPTER X.

### Some More Early Experiences

BEFORE we got the wind-mill we had an open well as has been mentioned. It was about three feet across and forty feet deep. It was walled with rock, and in the bottom had a basin dug out of sandstone. There was a well curb and the water was pulled up in buckets.

Occasionally, when the water would get bad, the well would have to be cleaned out. Maybe there would be just plain dirt in it and maybe a mouse, snake, or toad had fallen in and died.

Pa would get a windlass from some well-digger then remove the well curb, and place the windlass over the well, then draw it empty. This was a job, for we had a very strong vein of water and it ran in very fast.

When the well was empty at last, or nearly so, Pa would let Will down with an old basin and a broom. He would dip up the mud and water into the bucket. Then Pa would draw it up and empty it, and let it down to be refilled again and again.

Will would then take the broom and scrub the walls clean and again dip out the dirty water until it was clear.

Once when Will was cleaning the well he wanted me to go down with him. I was afraid to go but he persuaded me and we both got into the big bucket with our feet and hung onto the rope and

Pa let us down. The two outstanding things I remember are: First, how far it looked to the top. Second, when we looked up into the sky we could see the stars in broad day light, as plainly as if it were night.

When the well was cleaned, the windlass would be removed and the curb put back. It would be a long time before the operation had to be repeated.

After a couple more years, we got a windmill which saved a lot of hard work.

When we first moved to the place north of Lyons, there was no schoolhouse in our district, so we did not go to school, but we did go to singing school. An elderly man by the name of Dorsey (his given name was John, I'm quite sure) was our teacher. He gave a term of a certain number of lessons for a certain price per term. Not being responsible for his pay, I do not remember either the number or price.

Pa and Ma went every singing school night and took us all. It was held in the Prairie Lea Schoolhouse, about three miles from home. This one date that follows I know for sure.

One night as we were all gathered for the usual lesson, word came that President Garfield had died. The date was September 19, 1881. There seemed to be a feeling of sadness brooding over the crowd all evening, and they did not sing with the usual enjoyment.

As a family we all loved to sing. Pa sang bass, Ma, alto. All of us who were old enough learned to sing by note. The younger children could carry their parts in the "rounds" the teacher taught us. We often sang all the way home.

One night as we were coming home from singing school, we were angling across the prairie and when we got in sight of the house Ma said, "I believe there is a light in the basement." (It had a half window above the ground at the east side.)

Ma was very particular to see that the stove drafts were all closed, the cat put out, the windows and doors closed and the lights put out, so she couldn't understand why there was a light. They never did lock the house. Pa said you just advertised that everyone was away from home by locking up, and if anyone wanted to get in he was prepared for it, and would get in anyway.

Well, back to the light. As we got nearer, it was a certainty that the basement lamp was burning and when we got home Ma was afraid to go in, so Pa tied the horses and we all went in.

There sat Uncle Dave! He had his home at Uncle Christ's, but had been away from home and night had overtaken him, so decided to stay over night with us. We were always glad to have him, for he was always nice to all of us children.

By the next winter our schoolhouse was built.

Our first teacher was Miss Emma Long. There were a lot of pupils in our school. Several from Cyrus Shumways, several from Reiss, several from Scheibs, three from Lennens, five from our house, two from Clobridges, one from Bells, one from McKinnis, and maybe others. It was quite exciting when we started to school again.

The schoolhouse became the community center, and singing schools, spelling schools and finally a Sunday school was organized, which was maintained the year around for many years.

The schoolhouse was a frame building about twenty by thirty feet, I suppose. It was a quarter mile south and a mile and a half west of our place.

The first year it was seated with homemade benches. There were, also, long benches all across the front for recitation, and more benches part way down the sides. There was a blackboard, heating stove, and teacher's table and chair. There were strips with hooks or nails around the back corner to hang wraps, and a bench to set the dinner pails on. We had a water pail and a dipper which we all used, also wash basin and towel everybody used. (Think that was before the days of germs and microbes.) The water was carried a half mile, so was used rather sparingly.

We had every grade in our school from the primary to the eighth grade. The teachers certainly earned their salaries of from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per month.

We hadn't much in the way of equipment in the schoolhouse, and nothing in the way of playground equipment. We played ante-over and black-man. We had a ball diamond across the road on the prairie, and played town-ball—boys and girls all played together. Some of the girls could bat and run about as well as the boys.

When there was snow on the ground we would play "fox and geese," we snow-balled, and washed each other's faces. We never heard of boys and girls playing separately till years later when they did it that way in town.

One winter a lot of the pupils went our way home. There were John and Ed Williams, Louie and Harry Randall, Hermea and Walter Bell, Ellen

McGinn, Florence, Lizzie and Fred Clobridge and all six of us. Usually we played and talked and enjoyed our walk home.

One evening, the "big boys" got to talking about fighting. We girls chimed in, and Louie Randall said, "what do girls know about fighting? I could lick the whole bunch of you myself." The big boys said, "if I were you girls I'd make him take that back, or make him prove it."

Well, he wouldn't take it back, so there was a fight. We all went into Clobridge's cornfield and pulled up some corn stalks. There were big balls of dirt frozen to the roots and they made pretty wicked weapons. When we were all armed we "lit in" and soon we had Louie knocked completely out. He lay stretched out in the road and he jerked and trembled like a shot rabbit, and was unconscious!

We were all so scared we didn't know what to do. Harry knelt down beside Louie and tried to help him up. He was crying and he said, "I'll tell my father and he'll have you all put in jail!" The big boys got Louie on his feet and helped him to walk. After a bit, he regained consciousness and was able to walk home.

The next evening as we were going home from school we saw a man coming toward us with a gun on his shoulder. We were sure it was Mr. Randall coming to take us to jail, but it was only some man out hunting rabbits.

Our school was District No. 5 and was named the "Oakland School."

After the first year or two, desks were put in. A well was dug with a pump in it which was a great improvement. Once or twice a year we would be

visited by the county superintendent. That would be the big event of the year. Usually the teacher would get a notice that on a certain day he would arrive. The girls would all come in clean aprons that day and the boys would wash their faces and hands and comb their hair. The teacher would always tell us to be sure and learn our lessons a little better than usual. She would always give the superintendent a book when the lessons were being recited, and sometimes would ask him to conduct the class. That would "frighten us out of our wits," and we could hardly have told him what our names were! We surely were glad his visits were not more frequent!

We had one lady teacher who would ask the girls, one at a time, to go home with her to spend the week end. She lived about four and a half miles from the schoolhouse in the opposite direction from our home, and we seldom if ever went out that way.

Well, it came my turn, and the teacher asked me to go home with her the next Friday evening. The week seemed unusually long. She had two brothers and one or the other came for her Friday evenings. Usually they were there at four o'clock when school closed. This particular Friday evening they were not there, and the teacher busied herself with a lot of little chores, while we waited. I put in most of the time watching the road. It was getting rather late when at last a horse and buggy came down the road and sure enough, it came to the schoolhouse. I saw at once that it was neither of the teacher's brothers. He went into the schoolhouse and seemed very glad to see "her" but I thought I detected an expression on his face that

was not altogether pleasant when he saw me. They talked a little bit, then she told me that owing to the circumstances it would not be convenient for me to go home with her for the "gentleman had his plans for the evening" and it seemed I did not fit in. Well, as I think of it now, they might at least have taken me home, but they did not. I started home a-foot. By the time I got to Mr. Bell's it was nearly dark. I stopped, and told Mrs. Bell all about it, and as usual she was "a friend in need" and had me stay over night. I went home the next morning. Ma was surprised when I walked in. I told her all about it, she did not say much but I know she sympathized with me in my disappointment. The teacher took me home with her some time later but I didn't get quite the thrill out of it I would have had the first time.

I think yet that particular evening was a very inopportune time for her to have a "beau."

Some time during the 80's a new superintendent was to be hired for the County Farm and Mr. Clobridge was selected for the position. That meant that they would have to move. The County Farm is located about two miles straight west of Lyons. We did not like to have them move out of our neighborhood and lose them from our school and Sunday school. Lome and I went to see them after they had lived there for some time. The main thing I remember about that visit was that Florence and Lizzie Clobridge showed us their new coats. They had bought them ready-made and paid $10.00 apiece for them! That seemed like extreme extravagance to us.

Ma always bought material and made our

coats, and all the rest of our clothes up to this time. I must say that we always had comfortable clothes, but there were a lot of things we could not afford until years later. Another thing, we always had warm beds in winter. We had no mattresses nor springs. We had straw ticks, usually oat-straw and feather-beds on top of the straw ticks. We had plenty of warm covers in winter. We did not mind having no bed springs for we never were used to them. Pa and Ma had an old fashioned rope bed which was very soft compared with slat beds.

In the year 1888 (I'm quite sure of this date) Mr. and Mrs. Clobridge had a baby son born to them. Mrs. Clobridge died when the baby was very young, only a few days, I think it was. Mr. Clobridge thought the girls were too young to care for the baby. There was a man and his wife who had no children, by the name of Latshaw and Mr. Clobridge gave the baby to them. They legally adopted him. After a couple of years they moved from our neighborhood. They did not want the baby to know that he was not their very own. He grew to manhood and was married, his foster father died and his mother was in her last sickness before he learned that he was an adopted child. He later found out who his own people were. Mr. Clobridge, his brothers Allen and Fred and sister Lizzie were living and he learned to know them all for the first time. Lizzie was married and had a family. They lived near Emporia, Kansas. He came to Emporia and got his sister and they came out to Rice county. There were four things he wanted to do: First, go to the Court House and see the original adoption papers; second, see the old Clo-

bridge home, where he was born; third, see the place where the Latshaws lived; and fourth, visit his mother's grave. He did all these things. He then said to his sister, "the rest of this time in Rice county belongs to you to do with as you please."

The Latshaws live near Springfield, Missouri. You may wonder why I tell about all this, it is because the early day settlers were very much more dependent on each other than the people now are. Their joys and sorrows were shared in a very real way.

After a number of years a new schoolhouse was built. It has a full basement and is a very good building.

If we could have had it when there were so many pupils in the district it would have been fine. Now they have less than ten scholars. Some of them are grandchildren of the pupils of the 80's.

I think it was about the year 1888 that the Ebenezer Church was built. It is about two and a half miles west of the Oakland schoolhouse. After it was built, our Sunday school at the schoolhouse was closed in time so we could go on over to the church service. Most of the young folks had ponies and we girls had side saddles, and we rode almost everywhere we went.

I think it was the first winter after the church was built that they had a revival meeting and almost all the young people who had attended Sunday school in our schoolhouse through the years of their childhood, joined the church. The preacher's name was Rev. Montgomery, and he was a brother of Mrs. Pierson.

This is one country church that has taken the

*New Addition to House, 1887*

"ups and downs" through the years and is still in good working condition.

Speaking of not being troubled with "germs or microbes," there was never a serious epidemic of contagious disease while we were in school. Only one death occurred — Viola Shumway. She was a daughter of C. W. Shumway. She was about ten years old, and was sick a long time with inflammatory rheumatism.

About 1885 the R. B. Shumway family came to Kansas from Portsmouth, Ohio. He was a brother of C. W. Shumway. They bought a farm a half or three-fourths mile west of the Oakland schoolhouse. There was a large family of children, and, of course, they attended our school. Mr. Shumway had been a school teacher back east. The children were an asset to our school in every way. They were good scholars, good in programs, and they attended Sunday school regularly.

Mr. Shumway was our Sunday school superintendent quite a while.

He was elected county treasurer, and his son Charlie helped him in the office.

Three of the Shumway children selected their life companions from our school. Will Shumway married Florence Clobridge. Charlie Shumway married Hermea Bell. Charlie Plank married Hettie Shumway.

One night we had all gone to the schoolhouse to some entertainment. Pa drove the team. It was a very dark night, with a dense fog. When we started home, Pa couldn't see the road, so he just trusted the horses to take us. We went almost long enough to have been home, and Pa stopped the

horses and said, "We are not in the road; it is too rough and bumpy, we're lost!" I'll never forget the feeling that came over me when he said, "We're lost!" It seemed as if we had come to the end of everything. He started the horses again, and after a while he saw the faint outline of a building and said, "I'll drive up to it and maybe we can recognize it and find out where we are."

When we got to it he sent Will over, and to our surprise he said, "Pa, it's the schoolhouse!" Pa said, "Do you know where the road is?" Will said, "Yes, just follow me." We were soon in the road and got home without any more trouble.

There was an unfenced pasture just east of the schoolhouse, and Pa decided we had been going round and round in it all that time.

When we were little Pa always gave us all the little "runty" pigs, and any other animal that was not up to "par." We always took good care of any such and made great pets of them.

I remember a littly "runty" pig that all seemed to go to stomach (if that is what pigs have.) Pa gave him to Lome. She made him a straw nest in a barrel, and kept the barrel on our north porch. Pa had told us that there was a saying that it took a bushel of corn to feed a pig's tail, and he did not think it was worth it, so he often cut off the little pigs' tails.

Lome named her little pig "Johnny." She fed him all he would eat, and still he did not do well. His hair, or bristles, as the case may be, was rough and stood out, making him look ugly.

One day Pa was sitting and whetting his knife. When he got it sharp he went to Johnny's barrel

and lifted him out by the tail and just as he let him down outside the barrel, he clipped it off.

Johnny gave a sharp squeal and made a "bee-line" for the sand pile, sat down in it and rubbed his poor little stump of a tail with all his might.

Pa couldn't help but laugh.

When Lome saw what had happened she was peeved, and couldn't see anything to laugh at. I suppose Johnny commenced to grow after that, and no doubt a bushel of corn was saved.

Pa had a lot of little pigs one spring. Up to the time they were a month old they would climb through the fence at will.

One day there came up a sudden storm, and it hailed hard for a little while. The little pigs ran for shelter, some of them got in safely, some were killed, and some crippled.

One pig was struck right in the middle of his back and never could stand on his hind legs again. Pa gave him to me. I bathed his back with liniment and turpentine, lifted him up, and tried to help him stand, but all to no avail; however, he lived, but always dragged his hand quarters. By fall his head and shoulders were as large as the other pigs his age, but the hind quarters never grew normally. At butchering time, Pa bought him, paying me the live weight price. He butchered him, using only the head and shoulders; the rest was thrown away.

He may have charged something for his feed and charged off the weight of what was not fit for use; I do not remember.

I was the "tom-boy" of us three girls.

The out-of-doors, and the men's work was very much more interesting than the housework.

Lome was very handy about the cooking or anything else about the house, and did not enjoy out-of-door work.

When Nora was old enough, she liked to work with the chickens, and was a good hand with them. She always very cordially hated to wash dishes; but what little girl ever liked to?

One winter Pa and Rob had a pig in partnership. One very cold, stormy time the cattle all crowded into the shed, and a heifer got down and could not get up. She was very badly trampled. Rob traded his half of the pig for the heifer. He took good care of her, and the next spring she had a fine calf. He now had a cow and calf for a half interest in a pig. Pretty good financing for a small boy!

I may have said that we always claimed all the little calves, but we knew they were not really ours unless for some reason Pa gave them to us.

One evening we went out where the calves were "picketed," that is, they were tied to long ropes to graze. We pulled up the picket pins, and let them loose. They came home in a regular stampede. The ropes got tangled around Charlie's calf's legs. It was thrown and dragged for quite a distance. It bawled and rolled its eyes, and looked scared nearly to death. Charlie watched it, he danced up and down as excited as could be and said, "Now, Lome, you shut up; my calf's just about dead!" Lome was nowhere around, and in no way responsible for the predicament his calf was in!

We must tell this one on Charlie too. It happened when our house was being built. We all loved to watch the carpenters at their work, but Charlie

was their favorite. They liked to talk to him, and hear what he had to say.

One day he borrowed Mr. Troyer's knife. He whittled and whittled. After a while he came and gave the knife back. He had his hand shut tight and said, "Troyer, I bet you can't guess what I've got in my hand." Mr. Troyer guessed everything he could think of, and Charlie kept telling him, "No."

After a while Mr. Troyer said, "I give up." Charlie opened his hand, and said "A blister!"

When they had the stairway built and put in place, Charlie said, "Now, Troyer, you watch me go down stairs like a dog." He got down on his hands and knees and started down head first; he went over and over clear to the bottom. Ma heard the commotion; she, Mr. Troyer and Charlie all got to the foot of the stairs about the same time, and it would be difficult to say which was the most scared. He was not hurt, but he never tried that again.

Thought we were through with Charlie, but happened to think of another one. We were in the north field one day hauling in some feed on the hayrack. Charlie went with us. He stood up in front and did the driving. He slapped the horses with the lines until he got them to running and he could not get them to stop. They ran all the way home. When Ma heard them come rattling in the drive-in-lane, she rushed out and was badly frightened when she saw that Charlie had dropped the lines and was hanging onto the pole in front of the rack "for dear life." The horses stopped when they got to the barn. Charlie said, " I had a good ride, but I don't want any more like it!"

Well, it's Nora's turn now.

When we were growing up, (have not much idea how old we were at this time) there was a great "fad" for all the girls to have their ears pierced. The big girls, the middle-sized girls, and the little girls all with one accord had it done.

Will pierced mine, I pierced Nora's, and I forget who pierced Lome's.

This is the way it was done: First take a medium fine needle and thread it with white silk thread. Next, pinch the lobe of the ear until it becomes numb, then hold a bottle cork back of the ear and push the needle through the ear into the cork and pull it on through with the cork. Tie the thread in a loop. This thread has to be turned each day no matter how sore the ear gets. In about two or three weeks, if all goes well the ears heal up, the thread is pulled out, and ear-rings put in.

While the ears are sore you sleep on the back of your head, and you are plenty glad when you can lie on your sides again! I'm telling this for fear piercing ears might become a lost art, which might be too bad, or would it?

When our ears got well and we had worn our ear-rings a while, Nora and I decided, we wanted to exchange and wear each other's ear-rings for a while. I took mine out myself, but Nora was very sensitive, so she had me take her's out. It did not hurt the least bit, but she was nervous. I put her's in my ears, but she wanted me to put mine in for her. We were both standing up. I got one in, and while putting in the second one she started moving away and I said, "Wait a bit, I'm not quite done yet," but she had fainted and fell full length on the floor.

She had a very bad bump on her head, and a slight concussion of the brain. She was real sick for several days. After that she always held her head to one side and was never free from a dull headache.

Once again she came to grief with her jewelry.

Several years later she became ill and sent for the osteopath doctor. He discovered a displacement in the back of her neck, and asked if she had ever had an injury. She told him about her fall. He gave her a treatment, and after that her head quit aching, and she could hold it straight again.

We were like all other children when usually once each year the circus came to town. Then, as now, it would be advertised with big showy bills that would tell of the "wonderful!" "stupendous!" and all the evtravagant adjectives they could think of to describe the coming event.

We never had enough money to go to the circus when it finally came, but sometimes they took us to town to see the parade. This was headed by the steam caliope that played the music which was good and strong whether it possessed any other virtue or not, surely it made up in quantity for anything it may have lacked in quality. There were the animal cages all painted red and gold drawn by sleek fat horses that had large red plumes in their bridles, an occasional cage was open enough to see a lion or leopard, and sometimes a man would be riding with them in the cage!

There were pretty painted ladies all be-spangled, riding horses that pranced and danced to the music. There were clowns with high pointed caps, maybe walking, or maybe they were riding donkeys that would buck them off. They usually flirted with the

girls who were standing on the street watching the parade and "wise-cracking" for their benefit.

There were elephants any where from a half dozen to a dozen with men or women riding on their backs or perhaps their heads. They sometimes held the tails of those ahead of them in their trunks as they marched along. There were camels and dromedaries.

A man who was riding a horse would announce a "grand free entertainment immediately after the parade," to be held at the circus grounds and everyone would fall in line and march out to where the tents were, for the free show, which was either a trapese performance, tumbling acts or tight-wire walking.

Once when we were watching the man walk the tight-wire Will got enthused about it and decided there was no reason why he could not learn to do that too. He was quite a big boy, anyway he was large enough to set a couple posts after he got home, brace them, then stretch a heavy wire from post to post so he could practice walking a tight-wire. The wire was only about three feet from the ground so that if he would lose his balance he could jump and not be hurt. He used a balancing pole which he would drop when he had to jump. It was not very long till he could walk forward and backward, stoop down and raise up again. It looked so easy that the rest of us who were big enough tried it too and also learned to walk it after practicing day after day.

The only fist fight I ever saw was at the entrance of the show tent when a man undertook to take his grandson in with a half-fare ticket. The

grandson was nearly as large as his grandfather and the man would not let them in, so there was a fight, when they undertook to push the ticketman aside and go in anyway. In this they failed.

I think this was my most embarassing experience.

When Lome and I were little we were always dressed alike, and did the same things and went the same places.

At the age of about fourteen years she took a sudden notion to grow up, soon she was almost a young lady and I was still a little girl. About this time the young men of the neighborhood commenced to call around rather frequently and I was not aware that Lome was the attraction.

One Sunday evening a certain young man, by previous arrangement that I knew nothing about, called. He spent the early part of the evening in our combination kitchen, dining room and living room, with the family. After a while the younger children were sent up to bed, a little later Pa and Ma went, and I stayed on. After a while when the young man found that he was not going to have a visit with Lome without an audience he took his hat and went home.

As Lome and I passed Ma's bedroom door as we went to bed Ma said, "Well, Addie, you thought you would stay it out did you?" That was the first that it entered my mind that Lome was having a "beau" (they did not have "boy friends" those days). I would have sold myself for a penny with a hole in it, I felt so "cheap."

The said young man was not easily discouraged and was back the next Sunday evening and Addie

was the first one to go to bed.

This story should end, "And they were married and lived happily ever after," but such was not the case for the romance was rather short lived and soon came to an end.

## CHAPTER XI.

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# Early Day Storms

THIS record of events would not be complete without a chapter about storms.

Kansas used to be called the "Cyclone State," and was known by that name far and wide. This, however, was not fair, because there were not so many more cyclones in Kansas than in other states.

We never saw but one cyclone in the sixty-two years we have lived in Kansas. We did experience many very severe storms—many more than in more recent years. The first severe one was on April 29, 1879.

We then lived two miles north of Sterling. All morning the clouds rolled overhead and hurried to the northwest, where they banked up and became heavier and blacker. Ma was getting Will, Lome, and me ready for school. Will was ready first and started across the field toward the schoolhouse. By the time Lome and I were ready the clouds looked so threatening Ma would not let us start.

The lightning was vivid and the thunder roared and crashed. The clouds turned from black to green. The wind changed and the storm came up very rapidly.

First it rained, then commenced to hail with terrific fury and vegetation of all kinds was beaten into the ground. All window lights exposed to the

storm were broken, and other damage done to buildings.

Ma was very uneasy about Will, for of course she did not know whether he had arrived at school before the storm came up. He had won in his race with the storm, but the schoolhouse did not provide entire protection, for all the windows were broken on the west side, and the wind, rain, and hail poured in until everything was soaked. This was a very general storm and covered most of Rice county.

The next year (1880) there was another storm never to be forgotten by the old settlers.

All during the spring there had been no rains worthy of the name until May 25. It commenced to cloud up, and toward evening the clouds looked very bad, indeed.

Mr. Gus Nordstrom, who was a carpenter and stonemason, lived about two miles from our place. At this time he was doing some building for us. He usually stayed at our place nights, but this particular night he watched the clouds for quite a while after supper. He was a Swede and never learned to pronounce his words quite American. He said, "There's wain up there, but it seems as if it can't come down."

His wife was very nervous about storms. Their house was a tall, narrow, frame building, and sat upon quite an elevated plot of ground. Their barn was built in the side of the creek bank, and was more than half under ground.

Mr. Nordstrom decided it was going to "wain," so he went home.

When he got there his wife and the children had carried their bedding down into the barn, for

she was afraid to stay in the house.

He said, "We had better go back to the house for if it would rain, as it looks as if it might, we would drown out in the barn."

It surely was fortunate that they went back. There was a regular cloudburst, seemingly, and the creek became a rushing torrent. The barn was still full of water the next morning. There would have been no possible way to escape drowning should they have stayed in the barn.

On this particular night the "stork" decided to pay a visit to Uncle Christ Plank's. They usually are very punctual in keeping their dates regardless of the elements, sometimes seemingly preferring stormy times for their visits.

Uncle Dave was sent on horseback nine miles for the doctor. Before he got back home every hollow was a lake and every ravine was a river. He crossed places where culverts should have been but were submerged, so was not able to determine whether they were there or not. He finally arrived back home safely.

The doctor with his horses and buggy arrived safely, and last, but not least, the little son arrived safely. The baby was named "Claude," and he now lives in Wichita, Kansas.

We had our two cows picketed in the ravine north of our house. The grass was larger in the low places. After it had rained a long time, Pa got very uneasy about them, for the water was getting higher and higher on their sides, until he was sure they would be drowned. However, the ground soaked until it was soft enough to let the

picket pins loose, then the cows got up on higher land, to safety.

Some of our farm implements were carried down stream to the further end of the farm. When Pa called the boys the next morning, Will rubbed his eyes and said, "Pa, did it rain last night?"

They hadn't even wakened!

Many and varied were the experiences of the people that never-to-be-forgotten night. It had rained fourteen inches!

One spring Ma had been in unusually poor health and she went to Springfield, Mo., to see a woman doctor. Her name was Dr. Augusta Smith. She was gone a week or two, and we had a series of storms about every other night. She was always afraid of storms, and if they came in the night she wanted Pa to get up and watch the clouds. Of course he did not want to, because he said he couldn't do anything about it if the clouds did look bad; anyway they were in the safest place we had, so why get up and prowl around?

Well, when she was away he expected to let it lightning, thunder and blow, and stay calmly in bed. The very first night she was away there came up, very slowly, a storm from the usual northwest.

When it arrived, along about the middle of the night, about the first dash, the wind and hail broke the window lights by his bed, and glass, rain, hail, and wind poured in on him and he got up promptly, without being asked. This was the north window. The west window lights were also broken, and we all took quilts and pillows and tried as best we could to keep the storm out.

We wrote and told Ma about it, and she didn't

seem sorry a bit, but thought it served Pa about right because he was always so unconcerned when she thought there was danger.

Another hail storm I remember, came after threshing time. This came in the afternoon. Two strange men, each with a big load of wheat, were passing by our house. They had been watching the approaching storm for some time. They decided to stop at our house and wait till the storm blew over.

Before they could get their horses unhitched the storm struck and, as usual, it hailed. The horses were pelted till they were covered with welts, and their eyes were swollen shut. One man's hat blew off and he was knocked down. His head was badly cut by the hail. Pa had him to go in the house and Ma bathed his head and gave him "first aid" as best she could. If they would have had five minutes more time they could have had the horses unhitched and in the barn where they would have been safe. As it was, the men had to stay with the horses.

There were a lot of other storms, but I can not tell about all of them.

I will try to tell about the only cyclone we ever saw.

We children were playing in the yard one day. We saw a very peculiar formation of cloud in the sky. We watched it a bit, then went into the house and said, "Ma, come out and see what a funny looking cloud there is up in the sky." The cloud was black as ink, and there were two long arms that reached down to the ground. We could see that it was gathering up everything it came in contact with and it all whirled round and round those arms with terrible speed.

Ma said, "It's a cyclone!"

Pa, Will and Uncle Eph were out in the west field hauling bundle grain. We could see that they were watching it. Pretty soon they got into the wagon and started home as fast as the horses could run.

While watching the storm, for a little while we could see that it was traveling east, then it would apparently stand still; it was at these times it was traveling toward us. We were all out in the yard trying to decide how best to keep from getting in its way when the wind began to blow and great big hail stones began to fall. We all went into the house promptly. It seemed as if the storm could not have been more than a couple miles from us. It traveled in a northeasterly direction, as cyclones always do, and we were never in the least danger, which of course we did not know.

The next day Pa and Ma drove up to see what damage had been done. It was ten miles away! Everything in its path was taken clean. The storm was only about a half mile wide, but was vicious, as cyclones always are. Have forgotten just how many miles it traveled before it spent its fury.

Not all the bad storms came in the summer. We used to have blizzards in the winter that were terrors.

The blizzard of 1886, in January, was the worst one we ever experienced. The snow and wind lasted about twenty-four hours but blew a gale while it lasted, and the thermometer went down to 32 degrees below zero. People stretched ropes from their houses to the barns, for the snow was so blind-

ing one could lose their way before going any distance at all.

Much stock was frozen to death, especially hogs. They either froze or piled on top of each other and were smothered. People froze feet, ears, faces and fingers before they hardly realized what was happening.

Uncle Ike Plank had been married in Missouri and he and his wife came out to make us a short visit. They did not even bring a change of clothing along. They were storm-stayed and could not get home for four weeks! The railroads were blockaded, and trains could not get through. It was an awful job to clear the tracks. I do not know how long we were without mail, but of course we had none till the trains could run again.

We had a good time visiting, playing games, and singing, cooking and eating, but outside it was very disagreeable. The men were busy much of the time caring for the stock and trying to keep everything as comfortable for them as possible.

Several years later, in the summer time, there came the worst electrical storm we had ever had. It came up about midnight. Each successive flash of lightning became more vivid, and the thunder sounded as if everything was being torn to pieces. Then came a flash and crash at the same time. This time it sounded as if the end had come. The house had been struck! We girls were apparently literally raised out of bed onto the floor and were frightened so badly we could not say a word. We three girls slept in the east room upstairs and the three boys in the west room. Pa came up to see if we were all safe. He opened our door first and saw

that we were all right, then went into the boys' room. There they all lay in their beds, still as death. He went to their beds and shook and called them. They awoke and asked him what he wanted. They had calmly slept through it all!

The window frame by Rob and Charlie's bed was split from one side to the other and the plaster over the window was knocked off and thrown clear across the room onto Will's bed. He did not hear it, either. The flue stop down stairs in the living room was blown out and soot and ashes covered everything in the room. Pa stayed up until he was sure that the house was not on fire.

The next day we had a general housecleaning in the front room. The curtains had to be laundered, the carpet taken out and cleaned, and the windows washed. Nothing escaped getting a soot-bath. The last I remember the broken window frame could still be seen to bear mute evidence to the truth of this story, as that part of the house still stands.

Just a little more about the big snows we used to have. Of course, they came from the north and the huge drifts would be blown into the east and west roads. It would freeze so solid that we would walk over them to school, sometimes for weeks before they would thaw, and get too soft and let us through.

We always walked to school when at all possible. Sometimes when a storm would come during the day, and we were not dressed warm enough, Pa would come for us. He would take all the other children home that went our way. We had a big buffalo robe, Uncle Dick had sent to Ma as a present. There would be half a wagonbox full of

straw with a blanket thrown on top of it and we all sat in the box and Pa would throw the robe over us, "heads and all." It was lots of fun, and we were "warm as toast."

The next morning Ma would wrap us up good and warm and we would walk as usual. I think of the contrast now, when even the town children have to be taken to school if they live only three blocks from school!

Another early-day hazard was the prairie fires. These were more numerous in the early spring. There were several reasons for burning the prairies. If the sod was to be turned over for agricultural purposes the heavy growth of dead grass, especially if it were wet, was hard to cut through, and made trouble when breaking the sod.

Prairie land, from which hay was to be mowed needed to be burned over so that nothing but the new growth would be cut.

The pasture land was burned so that the young grass made better pasture by not being mixed with the old growth.

These fires were usually set in the evening when there was little wind and when the grass was dry. Sometimes there were fires nearly all around the horizon, and the whole sky lighted with a beautiful pink glow. The smoke at times would be very dense. People plowed fire-guards around their homes or burned off the grass, so that fires could be kept at a safe distance. Sometimes the wind would suddenly bluster up and spread the fires in all directions, causing them to get out of control and maybe hundreds of acres be burned over unintentionally.

Many of the pioneer homes were either dug-outs

or sod houses; barns and schoolhouses were also built of sod.

Many and varied were the songs that were composed about Kansas. Some had not much to recommend them by way of literary style or probably not rank very high in the opinion of poets, but they surely expressed the sentiments of the different classes of early day settlers.

These are a fair sample of what they were like. They are not original, and I have no idea who wrote them, it has been suggested that they "just grew" out of the varied experiences of the pioneer settlers.

## HURRAH FOR LANE COUNTY
(Tune, "The Irish Washerwoman")

Frank Baker's my name
And a bachelor I am;
I'm keeping old bach
On an elegant plan.
You'll find me out West
In the county of Lane,
A starving to death
On a government claim.
My house it is made
Of the natural soil;
It's walls are erected
According to Hoyle.
The roof has no pitch
It is level and plain
And I always get wet,
If it happens to rain

(Chorus)

Hurrah for Lane County
There's room for you all,
Where the winds never cease
And the rains never fall;
Where the sun never sets,
But 'twill always remain
Till it burns you all up
On your government claim

How happy I feel
When I crawl into bed,
And the rattlesnake rattles
A tune at my head.
And the gay little centipede
Void of all fears,
Crawls over my neck
And down into my ears!
And the little old bedbug
So cheerful and bright,
He keeps me a laughing
Two-thirds of the night.
And the gay little flea
With sharp tacks in his toes,
Plays "Why don't you catch me?"
All over my nose

(Chorus)

Hurrah for Lane County
The land of the free
The home of the grasshopper,
Bedbug and flea;
Where there's nothing to do

But to sweetly remain,
And starve like a dog
On a government claim.

Come all you claim holders
I hope you will stay,
And chew your hard tack
Till you're toothless and gray.
But as for myself,
I'll no longer remain
And starve like a dog
On a government claim.

(Chorus)

Farewell to Lane County,
Farewell to the West,
I'll travel back east
To the girl I love best.
I'll stop in Missouri
And get me a wife,
And live on corn dodger
The rest of my life.

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## KANSAS LAND

(Tune, "Beulah Land")

I've reached the land of corn and wheat,
Of pumpkin pie and potatoes sweet
I got my land from Uncle Sam
And I'm as happy as a clam.

(Chorus)

Oh Kansas land, sweet Kansas land,

As on thy highest bluff I stand
I look away across the plain
And wonder if 'twill ever rain
But when I come to view my corn,
I think I'll never sell my farm.

At first the grass grew brown and sere,
With drouth and grasshoppers each year
But now we've so much rain and snow,
The cattle men will have to go.

(Chorus)

Oh Kansas land, sweet Kansas land,
As on thy highest bluff I stand
I look away across the plain
And wonder if 'twill ever rain
But when I come to view my corn,
I think I'll never sell my farm.

When first I came to get my start
The neighbors they were miles apart,
But now a man on every claim
And sometimes three all want the same.

(Chorus)

Oh Kansas land, sweet Kansas land,
As on thy highest bluff I stand
I look away across the plain
And wonder if 'twill ever rain
But when I come to view my corn,
I think I'll never sell my farm.

And now at last the cars are here,
We've wanted them for many a year,

And won't you with me take a smile
For I have freighted fifty miles.

(Last Chorus)

Oh Kansas girls, sweet Kansas girls,
With sky blue eyes and sunny curls;
They sing and dance, the organ play
Till some Yankee dude he comes that way;
They meet him at the parlor door,
And they are his forever more.

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## THE LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY ON THE CLAIM

(Tune, "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane")

I am looking rather seedy now
While holding down my claim,
And my victuals are not always served the best;
And the mice play slyly round me,
In my shanty on the claim,
As I lay me down alone at night to rest;
Yet I rather like the novelty
Of living in this way,
Though my bill-of-fare is always rather tame—
For I'm happy as a clam
On this land of Uncle Sam
In my little old sod shanty on the claim

(Chorus)

The hinges are of leather
And the windows have no glass,
And the roof it lets the howling blizzards in
And I hear the hungry coyote

As he sneaks up through the grass;
Round my little old sod shanty on the claim.

But when I left my eastern home
So happy and so gay,
To try to win my way to wealth and fame;
I little thought that I'd come down
To burning twisted hay
In my little old sod shanty on the claim
My clothes are plastered o'er with dough,
I'm looking like a fright;
And everything is scattered round the room,
And I fear if P. T. Barnum
Should get a sight of me,
He would take me from my little cabin home.

I wish that some kind hearted miss
Would pity on me take,
And extricate me from the mess I'm in,
The angel! How I'd bless her,
If this her home she'd make,
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.
And when we'd make our fortune
On the prairies of the West,
Just as happy as two bedbugs we'd remain;
And we'd forget the trials
And our troubles while we'd rest
In our little old sod shanty on the claim.

(Chorus)

If now and then a little heir
To bless our lives was sent,
Our hearts with honest pride to cheer and flame;
We'd surely be content
For the years that we had spent,

In our little old sod shanty on the claim.
And after years elapse
And all those little chaps,
To honest man and womanhood had grown,
It won't seem half so lonely
If a dozen cozy cots
Should surround our old sod shanty on the claim.

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## "OVER THERE IN KANSAS"

(This copied from the Denver Post)

Papers had a lot to say,
Sneerin' like o' Kansas.
Welt it to 'em every day,
Chuckin' fun at Kansas.
Air just full o' slander darts
From the busy Eastern marts
'Nuff to break the peoples' hearts,
Over there in Kansas.

Say that's where cyclones are born,
On the plain o' Kansas.
Every word a word of scorn,
Fur the folks o' Kansas.
Hoppers darkenin' the sun
Dozens of 'em weigh a ton,
Seem to think it's lots of fun,
Crackin' jokes at Kansas

Now it comes their time to laugh,
Them 'ar folks in Kansas;
Givin' Easterners the gaff
'Bout affairs in Kansas.

Fields a bulgin' out with wheat,
Corn for all the world to eat,
Other crops that can't be beat,
Over there in Kansas.

Trains haulin' out the stuff,
From the plains o' Kansas;
Railroads can't get cars enough
Fur to empty Kansas.
Ort to see the farmers grin,
Stroke the lilacs on their chin
As the cash comes rollin' in,
Over there in Kansas.

And now they've a powerful salve,
Used everywhere in Kansas;
Croup, sprains or burns, whate're you have
Cures everything in Kansas.
Piles, nooralgy, rheumatism,
Walkin' papers all await 'em,
Rubbin' up with Mentholatum,
Out in bleedin' Kansas.

When the care o' day is done,
On the plains o' Kansas,
And the kids begin to yawn,
Sleepy like in Kansas,
Farmer wipes his glasses blurred,
Reads a chapter o' the Word,
Then kneels down and thanks the Lord,
That he lives in Kansas.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Pa as a Farmer and Stockman

PA WAS generally recognized as a good farmer. He was particular to get his crops planted when he considered it the proper time of the year. He was not like some farmers, who could not plow "because it was too dry," then when it would rain, could not plow "because it was too wet," until the season was past to plow at all. He always managed, if at all possible, to be ready when the time of year for planting came.

Perhaps you wonder what they raised in this country sixty years ago. Well some years it was little enough. Corn planted on sod sometimes did fairly well, and sometimes it did not even make corn stalks that would make good fuel.

Wheat, of course, was out of the question until the sod had become ready to work, so as to make a good seed bed, which was two or three years after breaking. It seems to me that we did not sow much wheat the first two or three years.

Pa planted a patch of cane each year. It grew well, and in the fall we all helped to "strip it." We used long slats to strip off the leaves, then the heads would be cut off. It would then be cut with hand corn-cutters and loaded onto the wagon ready to take to the cane-mill to be made into sorghum mŏlasses, which we had made in sufficient quantity to last us a year.

The mill was four and a half miles from our place in a direction we never went except this once a year. If we would work real well we could go along to the mill, which was a real treat. The long stalks would be put through big rollers similar to clothes wringer rollers, and the juice all squeezed out. The juice was then boiled in large pans until it became syrup. This tasted very good when it was fresh, but we surely got tired of it.

We used to raise a lot of peanuts. There must have been several acres planted each year, and they were almost a sure crop. In the fall Pa would plow them out, and we would run along behind the plow and take them up by the root and shake the dirt from them and lay them in a row beside the furrow. When they had dried for a day or two, they would be hauled in and stacked like hay. In the winter when they were thoroughly dry and cured, we would get on the sunny side of the stack and pick them off the vines. At last we had all the peanuts we could eat.

We learned to eat them raw, and never roasted them except once in a while for a change. The pigs also liked them, and would eat all we missed.

Another thing that grew was melons — watermelons, muskmelons and citrons. The old song said, "And watermillions all grow wild over in dat lan' o' Kansas," which was "more truth than poetry."

The melons grew to perfection and the quality of the best. When they began to ripen we ate all we wanted, often breaking them out in the patch, and digging out the heart with our fingers whether they were clean or not, made no difference! We never got sick, which is another proof that germs

and microbes had not yet come in style! Melons have never tasted so good from that day to this.

Turnips were another thing that could be depended on to make a crop. Pa used to plant a field of them, and they would grow to the size of medium cantaloupes. He raised them to feed to the cattle and pigs. We would chop them up small enough so they would not choke on them. They liked them, and they made cheap feed.

We usually raised good gardens. That required a lot of hoeing, which we all worked at. We had two hoes, one regular garden hoe, and the old "heavy hoe." None of us liked to use the heavy hoe; it made us so tired, so we took turns using it. After a while Pa bought another light hoe. It had a sharp-blade on one side and a rake on the other. We all liked to use it.

We raised tomatoes by the bushel, and canned a lot for winter, and made tomato butter and preserves. Cabbage grew well, and we ate of it all summer then made a lot of sauer kraut.

Beets, peas, and beans usually did well. We used to dry green beans. We would clean the washboiler, fill it with beans, and cook them until they were nearly tender enough to eat, then spread them out to dry. In the winter we would cook them with a ham-hock or side meat and we liked them very well. Ma never tried to can green beans, peas, or sweet corn. It was before the pressure canners were on the market. We always dried a lot of corn, and it was very good. Another thing, the folks always made hominy each fall and packed it in stone jars, and it was kept in a cold place to keep till needed.

Fruit was rather a scarce article after we had used all we brought along from Indiana. Pa drove to Hutchinson one fall when they had a crop of peaches. He bought a wagon-load and peddled them out along the farm houses on his way home until he had sold all but what he thought we could use. He sold enough to pay for them all, so he had ours for his day's work.

We peeled peaches and canned them, made peach butter and preserves and dried some, did not even waste the peelings; they were saved and cooked in sorghum molasses, which made peach butter that tasted delicious after eating plain sorghum. Maybe if we had some of it now we would not rate it very highly. We saved all the peach pits and pa planted five acres. They came up, and in a few years we had peaches of our own. Peach trees are not very long lived, at best, and Pa never had much time to care for the trees, so they soon died. He said the ground they occupied, if put in some other crop would buy all the fruit we could use, so he dug them all out.

Sandhill plums were a native wild fruit that grew plentifully in many localities, not north of Lyons, however. Pa decided that instead of going pluming he would have a patch of our own; so he planted plum seeds and soon we had plenty and to spare. For several years we had plums to sell, and folks came from far and near to buy them. We would pick them for a certain price, or they could pick them and pay less. Almost everybody bought what were already picked, for the "chiggers" were in the plum patch, and they nearly drove people crazy. We would get covered with chigger bites and

by the end of the season we would be poisoned until we were almost sick. Pa dug them all up; said they were not worth the misery they caused.

The plums still grow plentifully in the sandhills, wild, and can be had very cheaply if you pick them yourself. They are very good for jelly and butters, and we are seldom without canned ones.

Some years the corn crop would be burned up by hot winds, and not even make good roughage for stock.

For a year or two we burned cornstalks for fuel, and they were the only fuel we had. Some people burned native "prairie chips" but Ma refused to have them in the house, because they were too dirty. Corn stalks were trashy, but that was "clean dirt."

Pa would haul up great piles of stalks. It kept one person busy to fire them, but they made a very hot fire. I was "chief stoker;" since I was not big enough to do much else; much of the firing fell to my lot. We older children were taught that we were "too big to cry," so I never cried while I was firing, but often cried all the way out to the stalk pile and back when getting another load, but always stopped before anyone saw me. I broke the stalks over my knees and when they were dry they snapped off easily but occasionally there would be a tough one which you could not detect by looking at it and they would pinch terribly. My knees were pinced "black and blue" most of the time from breaking tough stalks.

We heard that someone had invented a hay-burner. It was a sheet-iron affair that could be packed full of hay. The three front lids would be

taken off of the cook stove, and this burner turned upside down over the firebox. This would burn for about two hours. It surely warmed things up. This of course, could only be used between meals when the stove was not needed to cook on. The burner was shaped like a wash boiler, but much larger. Pa bought one. He paid two dollars for it; we burned corn stalks in it. It worked beautifully; only a few of the stalks would fall into the firebox at a time, and it made quite an even heat. I could go and play for about two hours at a time, and thought it was a great invention!

Ma always said that the lack of fuel was the greatest drawback to this country.

Some years corn really grew. We had a hand corn-sheller. The corn was fed to the stock, and we had cobs to burn! That was a great improvement over the stalks. When the corn was thrown into the pig pens without being shelled, we would pick up the cobs. They would be dirty and "smelly" but made good fuel. One winter, or two, we burned some ear corn. It was so cheap that it could not be sold for enough to buy its equivalent in coal. Pa never liked to burn corn; it almost seemed wicked to him.

Pa was not only a farmer, but a good stockman, too. He started his herd with the two cows, we brought with us from Indiana, and would add an occasional cow or calf as he could spare money to buy them. We kept the cows and calves all on the picket ropes until there were too many, then we had to herd them.

Will was big enough to help Pa with the farm work, and Lome could be a lot of help to Ma, so

the hearding fell to Rob and me. The younger children were too small yet to do anything.

The pastures were not fenced, and it seemed as if no one cared for the cattle to graze as long as they were kept out of the fields. At first we herded on foot. We had no trouble with them if we never let them get into the fields.

Pa and Will had to draw water for the stock if there was none in the ravines. That was a big job but they never quit drawing till they all left the trough.

We got new song books for our Sunday school, and we bought one of them. We took it along when we went out to herd, and learned nearly every song in the book.

One year, in the spring, our calves got sick. They were sleek and fat, and we were so proud of them. As usual we each claimed a calf, and one by one they died. Not one that took the disease escaped. They had "black-leg." It was a dry, windy spring, the sky was a sickly yellow color from the sun trying to shine through the dust, and I remember yet how badly we felt about losing the calves and the miserable way everything looked.

Pa's herd grew until at one time he had one hundred and fifty head. He bought a wind-mill long before he had this many cattle. He also built cattle sheds and a cow barn with stanchions that held twenty cows. We milked about that many at one time.

The windmill was near the house, and the water was piped out to the barnyard. The mill tower was boarded up, and a milk house made. A large milk trough was put in and water pumped into the

trough. The milk was put into rather deep cans which held about eight or ten quarts. This was long before the day of cream separators, or selling whole milk in bulk lots, so the milk had to be skimmed and butter made.

For a long time we used only a dash churn, but after a while it became inadequate, and we got a barrel churn. It sat in a frame, and turned with a crank. It had nothing in the form of dasher, but tumbled end over end. We made lots of butter, but often in the summer it would not sell for more than eight-and-a-third cents per pound.

Some country women sold butter to private customers in town, and could get more for it that way. Pa never liked to peddle, so we never sold ours that way.

We girls did most of the milking, the boys helped with the feeding and other chores. They always said, "milking is girl's work" which indeed it was so considered by the best of Pennsylvania Dutch families!

I was always lazy about getting up mornings. Pa would call the three older children early, because we had our work to do, then call the three younger children when breakfast was ready. Will and Lome were pretty good "getter-uppers" and moved out when called, and I usually did a little later because I knew I had to.

One morning we were called, and they hopped out, but I didn't get up. After a while he came to call the younger children and when I was still in bed he said, "and Addie, you may stay in bed till I tell you you may get up." Well, I wanted to get up just then very much, but knew I did not dare to.

I had several cows to milk, and no one else was supposed to do your work for you. He did not come and tell me I could get up, and I was almost beside myself, for the cows would be clear out at the farther end of the pasture and I would have to carry the heavy pails of milk to the house and the flies would be so bad the cows would kick, and everything would be wrong. Still he did not come. After a while I could stand it no longer, so decided to get up anyway. Whatever happened it could not be worse than staying in bed longer! I got up, dressed, went down stairs and started to the milkhouse to get the milk pails, and Ma said, "What are you going to do?" I said, "Go out and milk my cows." She said, "Your cows were milked a long time ago." That did not relieve the situation, for I thought Pa had milked them, which would not put him in a very good humor. He had gone to the field, and I was almost afraid to meet him when he came in at noon. What do you suppose he did? He as completely ignored me as if I were no where around, and that hurt me worse than a whipping, and he never did mention it.

He visited in my home when he was an old man, and I asked him if he remembered this incident, and he just laughed and said, "No, that was just one episode in rearing a family of children." I could not understand why he did not remember it, when it left such a lasting impression on my mind!

In the early years men would go down into Texas, where there were herds of wild, or semi-wild horses and Texas ponies. They would buy up a lot of them and drive them up through this part of Kansas for sale. At night they would run them into

the lots at the livery stables in town. Men who were interested in buying horses would assemble the next morning, and select the one, or more, they wanted. They would then be caught with lasso rope and taken from the corral. They would pitch and rear, and sometimes throw themselves, and do everything they could to get away. They were a bad lot to get under control.

A herd came past our house one day and they had a little cream-colored pony colt that was tired out and could not travel any farther. They wanted to sell it to Pa, and he bought it. I think the price was ten dollars, maybe only five; I'm not sure. We were all so sorry for it, we cared for it the best we could, feeding it milk, fresh from the cow, out of an old wash basin. He grew just fine, and when old enough to ride was a very fine saddle pony. We used him to herd the cattle. He soon learned just what was expected of him. He would be grazing, and if we would pull up on the rein he would look around and see the cattle that were straying from the herd, and he would go after them on a "dead run," and bring them back in a hurry. If they did not run fast enough he would lay back his ears and bite them on the rump. We named him "Rock," and we had him for many years.

In the course of time the open cattle range became a thing of the past. More and more of the prairie was broken up for farm land, and as farmers were able to build fences, everyone fenced his own pasture, so there was nothing to do but quit having so many cattle.

Pa began farming on a larger scale as his cattle business diminished.

One year Pa seemed to have some money ahead. We had wanted another bedroom, so the boys could have one and the girls one. We also wanted an organ. We could not have both, so we hardly knew which we would rather have. After talking it over, it was almost, or quite unanimous, to get the organ.

A man by the name of Atkinson had the agency for the "Lakeside" organ. He would take an organ in his spring wagon and often take his daughter with him. They would stop at farm homes wherever they allowed him to unload the organ and take it in the house. Mr. Atkinson always had his violin with him, and his daughter could play the organ, and we were thrilled with the music. Yes, you guessed it — Pa bought an organ. None of us ever learned to play it very well, for music lessons cost money, but we got a lot of enjoyment out of it. It is still doing duty in the third generation of the Plank family.

The organ cost one hundred dollars, which was a lot of money in those times.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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## We Exchange Work With Our Neighbors

PA HAD but one team, and Aaron Bell, our neighbor to the west, had but one, so in harvest they doubled up team and man power, and harvested both their crops. We had an old Marsh Harvester. It was heavy and took four horses to pull it. It cut the wheat and run it up onto a platform where the two men would tie the wheat into bundles, with bands made of wheat straw. One person would drive the teams. Will usually did the driving. Later, the bundles would have to be set up into shocks.

After a while it would be hauled in — usually near the barn — and stacked into round stacks. In the fall the threshers would come, and the wheat would be threshed, and the straw stacked in the feed lot for winter roughage and shelter for the stock.

I'll never forget when Pa bought our first self binder. It was a "Plano." As has previously been said, Will was very much interested in machinery and was very proud of this binder.

The first Sunday after the new binder was brought home, Pa and Ma were away from home. Will, being the oldest of the children, always assumed control when they were away. He undertook to tell us what we could and could not do. This particular Sunday was no exception.

We were all admiring the binder when Will said, "That is my bird, and there's not one in the crowd that dares to touch it." Well I couldn't take that, although I knew I would get the worst of it if I did. I took a running start and touched it as I passed, then ran as fast as I could to keep him from catching me. He soon caught me and dragged me back to the binder shed. He took me with my back to him, around under my arms, and he whirled me 'round and 'round, finally striking my leg against the corner of the grindstone leg. A deep dent was made, and the bone was splintered. It turned "black and blue" and the blood oozed from it. It hurt terribly, but fortunately was not broken. Will didn't "cut" any more "high jinks" that day, and I guess I got what was coming to me. I still carry the scar.

Will and I were always the best of pals. He always wanted me to go with him whenever he went out to work. I can hear him yet, "Come on, Ad, let's - - -" whatever it was he was sent to do, or where ever he had to go.

I don't know that I got myself in any more "scrapes" than the rest of them did, but I surely remember them better.

Another thing Will delighted to do was to take our dolls away from us, and maybe carry them by their heads or by one leg. We used to dress up kittens in doll clothes, put their front legs in the sleeves, and button them over their backs. Will loved to take them and throw them up on the kitchen roof. The kitchen was only half above ground. The kittens would walk along the edge of the roof trying to find a place they dared to jump down, which of course they could not find. It was

too high for us to get them, so they just howled till Will got up and brought them down.

Mr. Bell often asked Pa to let us go to his place to do light tasks he never seemed to have time to do, such as hoeing, cutting rye out of the wheat, and picking potato bugs. Mr. Bell usually planted quite a large patch of potatoes, and some years the bugs were awful.

Hermea, their little daughter, was about six or seven at this time. She was small, very fair, blue-eyed and had a mass of long blonde hair. Her braids hung down to her waist, and she wore hair ribbons every day! Well, in contrast, we were dark-skinned naturally, and tanned on top of that. Our hair was not much but little pig-tails tied with a cord string, and later it was cut because Ma was not able to care for it. Lome felt that Hermea was "stuck-up," and she felt it her duty to bring her down. Of course, being an only child, (up to that time), she was not used to being crossed very much, and when Lome chose to be disagreeable to her she was very easily hurt. When we picked potato bugs she wanted to be in the row next to Rob; she thought he was pretty nice. Lome was determined not to let her have that row, so she would cry and go to the house and tell her mama that Lome was not nice to her. When we went to the house to have Mrs. Bell scald our bugs, Mrs. Bell would give Lome a lecture. Always kindly, she would tell Lome that neighbor girls should be nice and not act that way, trying to make her ashamed of herself. On the whole it seemed to work pretty well.

One day we got to racing to see who could get to the end of the row first. Hermea of course wanted

to beat the same as the rest of us did, and she got to the end of her row first. What did Lome do but go back over her row to see if she had picked it clean! She found a stalk that had some bugs left on it and she carefully counted them. There were so many big bugs, so many little bugs and so many rain monkeys. Then she told Hermea how many bugs she had missed, and said that anybody could beat if they just ran down the row. The rain monkeys were about three times as big as the regular potato bugs, were black and very active. We could hardly keep them in our cans. If they were pushed back too often they would fly.

It got around to Pa that we were racing and running up and down the rows and not half picking the bugs, and we were told in no uncertain terms what was expected of us!

Lome and Hermea never seemed to "hit it off" any too well. One day they got to bragging about what they had in their homes. Hermea said, "We have an ingrain carpet," well, we had only rag carpets. Then Hermea would tell what else they had and Lome would come back with something we had. She finally said, "And we have a piano!" which of course we did not have. Lome was "set back" for a minute, then said "We have all frame buildings and the only frame one you have is the "toilet," only she did not call it by quite such a refined name! That was a very rude thing for her to say, for Hermea could not help it if their buildings were of sod, with the one exception. Hermea resorted to tears and Lome got another lecture!

All this was years and years ago. The "hatchet has been buried" and they are the best of friends.

They entertain each other in their homes and enjoy their visits very much.

Any one who knows Lome now, would not suspect that she ever could take such disagreeable spells when she was a child.

Mrs. Bell was surely "a friend in need" to us children. They lived nearly half way between our house and the school house. When the weather was very cold we would stop at Bells, and Mrs. Bell was never too busy to take us in, and she would dry our wraps and have us warm ourselves, and when we were all comfortable again, send us on home. Sometimes we would almost have frozen if we could not have stopped at their house.

Mr. Bell had the happy faculty of seeing the funny side to every situation. In harvest if the machine would break down, he always had some "bright remark" to make, and laugh it off. One year in harvest Grandpa Planks were visiting us, and Grandpa would shake his head, and could hardly stand it, when Pa and Mr. Bell could laugh when things went wrong.

After a few years the self-binder had to give way to an altogether new style of harvester. It was the "header." It was so constructed that it was pulled from the rear, and the machine was ahead of the horses. It would cut a swath from ten to fourteen feet at a round. Six horses were required to pull it. This machine would cut the wheat and elevate it into a header barge that was driven along side of the machine. One man drove the team to the wagon and another loaded the wheat as it was elevated into the barge. When the barge was loaded, they would drive to the stack yard where it would

be made into stacks. Another wagon would be filled, and the load taken to be stacked, and the empty one take its place. This mode of harvesting required about seven men, usually, one to drive the teams on the header, two to each header barge, a stacker and a man to clean up around the stacks. There were three teams to the header, and one team to each wagon. This made possible the harvesting and putting in the stack of from twenty to twenty-five acres a day. It took a lot of feed for the horses, and we had busy days in the house cooking for the men.

Ma never liked to have hired men around and we seldom had any except in harvest and for threshing. We often took a lunch out to the men in the middle of the afternoon — usually sandwiches or cookies and lemonade. They alway seemed to relish this very much.

The "header" was very popular, and hardly a farmer was without one. It, too, finally went into "discard" when the "combines" came in, some time later. Pa never owned a combine for he had retired from active farming; he did see them operate on the farms of his children, however.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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# The Children Marry

IT IS almost unbelievable as we think back to the improvements that have been made both in Lyons and the surrounding country in the fifteen years between 1880 and 1895. The following are some of them: The school building where the high school now stands built in 1881, the Baptist church which was a small frame building, was later replaced by a stucco building. The Presbyterians also built a frame church, which did duty for a number of years until a new brick church took its place. The first Methodist church was built in 1881 and it was not until 1905 that the fine new church was erected across the street from where the former church stood.

Through the years there were the Nazarene, African Methodist, United Brethren, Reformed, and perhaps other denominations who had small churches, most of which have disbanded in recent years.

The early day newspapers were the "Republican," edited by Clark Conkling, "The Prohibitionist" by D. P. Hodgdon, "The Central Kansas Democrat" by F. N. Cooper, for a time the Democrat was owned and edited by Ed Wood.

In this fifteen year period Lyons had three banks: The Bank of Lyons, The First National Bank, and the Lyons Exchange Bank. Later came

the electric lights, waterworks, telephones, paved streets, Carnegie Library, the fine new courthouse, sewer system, the flour mills, ice plant and perhaps other modern business enterprises I have not mentioned. With all these Lyons has become quite a modern little city. The country has improved very much during these years and many sod houses and barns have been replaced by new frame buildings. Trees and hedges have grown, orchards are beginning to bear fruit, and even the elements are becoming more civilized, for we have fewer severe storms than we had in the earlier years.

In the year 1887 we built a new addition to our house. We had waited patiently for it for several years. We had some good crop years and some poor years, but by hard work and by living very economically Pa managed to acquire more land and with the increased acreage to get enough to build the house.

The shanty bedroom was moved away from the south side of our house, the cellar was enlarged to the full size of the new house. The addition was probably 16'x36'. There were four new rooms, two on the ground floor, a living room and bedroom, and two bedrooms upstairs, one for the girls and one for the boys. The house was started in the late summer and was finished before the coldest part of the winter. The carpenters were John Miller and Elmer Cassingham. I do not know why Pa got them, for they were strangers to us and they came from the Mitchell neighborhood. Tom Gerber was the contractor.

When we moved into the new house we got some new carpets, lace curtains, and other furnish-

ings, so we were very comfortably, and for those times, nicely fixed. We still used our basement kitchen and dining room, the new cellar opened right back on the floor level with the dining room floor. Up the first stairs was the living room, and the new bedroom, and the room over the basement dining room was a spare room, then there were the two bedrooms up the second stairs which were the girls' and the boys' bedrooms. Each of these rooms had two beds.

When the boys moved into their room, Rob and Charlie needed somewhere to put their underwear, hose and shirts. There was a closet, but it had no shelves. Ma told them that she would pay half if they would use their own money to pay the other half, and they could get a washstand with drawers and a mirror. The boys always had a little money they earned one way and another. The washstand cost six dollars. Rob had a dollar and a half for his share but Charlie had only a dollar. Rob had some money left so Charlie borrowed fifty cents to finish paying his share. I think that was the first time Charlie went into debt and it worried him until he was almost sick. He kept saying, "If I ever get this debt paid I'll never go in debt again." Maybe that was the lesson he needed, for I'm sure no one ever hated debts worse than he always has and he never contracted them unless he was very sure how they were to be paid. Rob is the same in that respect and they can both look the world in the face, "for they owe not any man."

While Will was growing up he commenced trading for old watches and clocks that would not run and take them apart and try to repair them. He

had no work bench and hardly any tools but he had a good time experimenting with them. Now that the boys had their room Will got him a work bench and some more tools and went to work in earnest. He got so he could repair most of the watches he worked on and commenced taking in work from our neighbors who would pay him a nominal fee.

When he became twenty-one years of age his first venture "on his own" was to set up a watch repair shop in Geneseo, Kansas. He soon worked up quite a business and he loved the work.

The next spring in 1887 a baby sister was born. Her birth date was May 23. She was named Pearl May.

Charlie just lacked ten days of being ten years old, he had been our baby for a long time and now "his nose was out of joint," but he did not seem to mind it, for he now was a "little man."

Well, due to the best effort of all the family, we soon had the baby badly "spoiled." Ma used to say that Pearl wanted her to hold her, and about three or four of the rest of us to entertain her.

I used to think it was too bad to spoil a child, but I have noticed that most of them get over it and make as good people as anyone else. I think now that most children thrive on a lot of love and petting. Pearl is a very good woman, is almost too kind and unselfish for her own good.

The first break in our family came when Will went to Geneseo and opened up his repair shop, the second was when Lome and Elmer Cassingham were married, December 21, 1888.

Elmer had gone back to La Harpe, Ill., his old home and he sent for Lome to meet him in Kansas

City where they were married and they then went back to La Harpe where they established their home. Elmer worked at his trade. They lived there for two years. Their first little daughter, Nellie J., was born October 4, the following year.

Pa had more land than he could farm and Ma still did not want to have hired men around, so he wrote to Elmer and offered to rent him a farm. They came back and lived on this farm, I do not remember how long they farmed this place, but they had moved from it before Elmer died in 1898.

Five children were born to them, the others were a little son who died at the age of nine months, Dola, Freddie who died when two years of age, Gracie D. who died aged fifteen months. Lome remained a widow, reared her girls, Nellie and Dola, and after they were married she made her home first with one then with the other until fourteen years ago she bought a home in Frederick, Kansas. She has improved this place from time to time until she has a very convenient home nicely furnished, close to the church of her choice, and close to both of her girls and their families. They are all very congenial and have big dinners to celebrate each birthday anniversary and often have their Sunday dinners together, and always have family Christmas celebrations which they all attend.

After Will and Lome both left home the family seemed much smaller and we missed them both very much. Will came home frequently Sundays and we were always glad for letters from Lome. The younger boys were reaching the age to be able to help with the farm work and they put their "shoulders to the wheel" and farming operations

went on. We girls worked away from home when we could be spared. There was always some one or other who needed help. Two, to two and a half dollars per week was the price usually paid. We bought our own clothes, then saved what was left.

I had saved one hundred dollars in all. Pa had a payment coming due on a farm and he borrowed the savings of all the children and our combined contribution was sufficient to pay the required amount. Later he paid us all back.

Will met a young lady in Geneseo by the name of Cora Eva Nye. She seemed to have an irresistible fascination for him, and it was mutual, so on April 26, 1892, they were married. They rented a house in Geneseo and went to house keeping. Soon after this Will decided he was going to settle down to watch-making for his life work and was not satisfied with only his practical and experimental knowledge, so they went to La Porte, Indiana, where he entered the watch-making school and was graduated. After finishing the course they returned to Geneseo, but soon there was an opening in Lyons. He thought it would be a much better location, so they moved and he operated a jewelry store and repair shop for several years on the north side of the square. Their daughter, Opal Marie, was born April first, 1896 in Lyons. She was their only child.

Several years later he again made a move. He sold his home and business interests and went to Kansas City, Mo. He did not go in business for himself, but worked for some of the largest jewelry firms, Jaccards, Cady and Olmstead and Harris Goars. He worked as salesman and would check in the repair work, then check the work and put his

o. k. on it before it left the shop. Will received a good salary, and they bought a home, later renting it and buying a much nicer place. Opal was educated in Kansas City. She was graduated from the Dillenbeck school of Oratory later taking post graduate work. She studied voice for a year in New York. She has remained single and now lives in Englewood, California.

Cora's health failed, and they put in most of the time traveling, as she was too nervous to content herself in one place very long at a time. They finally stopped in California and bought a small place which was their home when she died in February, 1923.

Later, Will built a fine new home (Spanish type) in Englewood, California, in which Opal still lives.

Since we children were close together in age (with the exception of Pearl), the dates of our marriages were not so many years between. The next to "embark on the sea of matrimony" was Nora. She being younger than either myself or Rob we were supposed "to dance in a hog trough," I don't remember that we literally did it, however.

Nora was married to John DeBacher, January 9, 1894. They immediately went to housekeeping on the DeBacher farm. They made this their home for a year or two. Their daughter, Vera Pearl, was born while they lived here. Later they bought a farm of their own and moved to it where John passed away October 30, 1897. Nora continued to live on, and operate their farm and was successful. March 16, 1899 she was married to John Blessing, who was a nephew of John DeBacher. To this union

one son was born who was named Levi Rudolph for his two grandfathers.

After a time they built them a large new house and moved to Lyons. They continued to farm their land and had bought more adjoining their original place. They built and bought some houses in town for rental properties. Nora was a shrewd business woman and managed to get ahead financially year by year.

I did not want to be left too far behind, so decided it should be my turn next. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. B. Armstrong lived in Lyons. Mr. Armstrong was manager of the "Farmers Alliance" store, consisting of general merchandise. He had been a farmer in the Forney neighborhood, and the Forney boys sometimes helped him with the farm work. After Mr. Armstrong went into the store he hired Burt Forney as clerk.

Some time after this, Mrs. Armstrong needed a girl to do the housework, as she, too, worked in the store, so they came out to our place to see if I would work for them. (By the way, she was the Emma Long who had been our first school teacher at the Oakland school.) Well, I went and commenced to work for them. Burt Forney roomed and boarded with them and I got acquainted with him. I had never known him or any of the Forneys up to this time although they lived within eight miles of our place, south and east, a direction we never went. As soon as I became acquainted with Burt I realized he was very much more to my liking than any of the other young men with whom I had associated, but did not know whether he might care for me. Before he went out home one Saturday

evening he asked me if I would go to church with him Sunday evening. I told him I would, so that was the beginning of our friendship and we were engaged a year after this, in September. Burt said they would have a Board meeting, January first, and if they would give him a "raise" we could be married, if not, we would have to wait. Well, they raised his wages $5.00 per month, now he would have the "fabulous" sum of $32.00 per month and we decided we could live on it and were married February 7, 1894, just a month after Nora and John were married.

You may wonder how we "got by" on $32.00 per month. There was a "panic" on at the time, that was very much like our last "depression" and prices were about at the bottom. We rented our first house, four rooms and pantry, for $3.00 per month. I had my one hundred dollars I had earned and saved. I bought our first bill of furniture with it. I had quilts and comforts and pillows in my "hope chest" beside a lot of other things. We had made forty yards of rag carpet for me, which covered three rooms. The kitchen floor was mostly bare. Flour was eighty-five cents for forty-eight pound sack, butter was ten cents per pound, eggs, six cents per dozen and everything else in proportion. A little money went a long way. We both had enough clothes to last the first year, so we got along and saved a little money every month. I was so proud of our home and my husband — I would not have traded places with anyone I knew.

Our daughter Neva was born December 3, 1894. The next year Burt was selected to be the store manager, and he received $62.00 per month and we

felt very prosperous indeed. I also worked in the store and received more "wages" than I had ever earned before. We kept a girl to do the housework and care for Neva.

In 1903 Burt's sister Alice passed away and left a family of six children, the youngest a baby boy fourteen months old. Six months later we took him into our home and kept him most of the time till he was eleven years old. He then went to South Dakota and lived with his father until his father's death. This little boy's name was Connie Nowlan. In 1904, July 10, a little son was born who was named Burt Clifford. Neva was now nearly ten years of age and Connie nearly three.

In 1903 Burt and Mr. W. H. Burnham formed a partnership and bought a furniture and undertaking business in Sterling, Kansas, and we moved in September. They conducted this business profitably for twelve years. We sold out and moved to New Mexico and went into the grocery business. After a three month's illness Burt passed away December 31, 1915.

We got along very well financially while Burt lived, but after his death when the income stopped I had a very hard time to finish helping the children get their education.

After graduation from college, Neva and Clifford taught for a time. Since, they have followed different lines of work. Neither of them have married. Connie went to Colorado after graduation and has married. They have no children. Their home is in Grand Junction. Connie came back to us after his father's and Burt's death. He stayed and I helped him finish his high school and college courses, after

which he went to Colorado, which has since been his home. Ten years after Burt's death I was married to Burt's brother, F. S. Forney, March 31, 1925.

## CHAPTER XV.

### Pa and Ma Leave the Farm

ONE VERY bright spot stands out in the memory of every one of the children and grandchildren, and that is the yearly Christmas celebrations we had at the old home. They would be looked forward to from one year to the next. There was always a Christmas tree, not always an evergreen, however, for some times they were pretty expensive. Pa would go out and cut a tree of some kind that had a lot of branches on it, then we would wrap the limbs with old white muslin until they were completely covered. We decorated it with strings of popcorn, then when the gifts were hung on it, it looked quite festive. The tree was always placed in the corner of the spare bedroom. It could not be in the living room because it had to be out of sight until we were ready to distribute the gifts. We never did that until dinner was over and the dishes washed, so we would have the rest of the day to enjoy ourselves. Later, when we were all more prosperous we had evergreen trees. Ma always got gifts for old and young, she loved to do Christmas shopping. Pa always made gifts of money, then, he said, "They can buy what they want or need."

One year when we were preparing for Christmas, Lome decided to fix a Christmas box for each of us children with gifts "Such as we received

*New House Built in Lyons, 1914*

forty years ago." These boxes contained cooky boys and girls, raisins, a stick of candy, a doll for the girls, and a toy of some kind for the boys. She did it to show the contrast between then and now. That "went over" very well with all of us except Will, he sort of felt sorry for us that we ever had been so poor that they could not afford more for us on Christmas. I think this was about the last Christmas we spent together in the old home. There were enough gifts to almost stock a retail store and the contrast between was as striking as Lome was sure it would be.

Rob was the next one to be married. He went to Missouri one winter. Grandpa and Grandma Plank lived near East Lynne, on a farm. They were getting along in years, and Grandma kept a girl to help her with the housework, part of the time. At this time the girl was Fannie Hartzler. Rob stayed in Missouri and worked, and I suppose gave Fannie some pleasant smiles and said some interesting things to her, anyway, the outcome of it was a wedding. This took place January 16, 1899. They lived first on one of Pa's farms in Rice county, afterward they moved to Lane county where they bought three quarter sections of land. They improved the farm until they had a very comfortable home. Four children were born to them, Gladys, Minta, Marvin, Lila.

In the year 1914 they came back to Rice county and bought the old home place and made it their home until the death of Fannie, November 8, 1931.

Rob has not remarried but has a room of his own furnished in the home of each of his three married children where he is always welcome. When ever there are buildings to be built or any

other improvements on the farms of his married children he is on hand to do the job. He is very handy at housework too and helps out many times and in many ways when there is sickness in the homes, or in the busiest seasons.

Lila, the youngest of his children passed away March 20, 1930.

Rob's daughter Minta and her family now live on the old home farm. Rob remodelled the house after he bought the farm and now he has a fine large house. He also completly modernized it.

Pa and Ma decided they had reached the time in life when they should retire from the farm. They were rather undecided what they should do. Almost all their old neighbors moved to town when they left their farms, but neither of them had ever lived in town and Ma was sure they would not like it. At first they considered building them a house on the farm near their former home, but gave it up as impractical, so there seemed nothing left to do but go to town. Ma wanted it understood that she wanted a new house if she went to town. She said "I do not want to live in a house in which other people have lived and died." Another thing, she did not want a little house."I want a house large enough so that when the children come home with their families we will have enough room for them all." She had her wish and got the large, new house. There was a large basement with furnace, coal and kindling bins, fruit cellar, and laundry room. They had a cistern, for she always liked soft water for so many purposes. On the first floor there was a reception hall from which the stairway led to the second floor rooms, there was a large living room

with double doors to the dining room, kitchen, and large pantry or general utility room, bedroom, clothes closet, and bathroom. On the second floor there were three bedrooms, a complete bathroom and a large sleeping porch completely enclosed with windows. There was a small porch to the back of the house and a large porch across the south and west sides of the house.

How she would have enjoyed this new house if she had only had it when the children were all at home, now I am quite sure she did not enjoy it as much as she had hoped to, for she was not able to care for it as she would have liked it to be cared for. Another thing, the house was only a block from the school building, and school teachers and pupils who came to town to go to high school would want to room there and Ma did not want to have "roomers." They did, however, rent the upstairs bedrooms, but Ma never liked for folks outside the family to have access to their home to come and go all times of day and night. She was of a very nervous temperament and many things "got on her nerves" that most people would not even notice.

The next year after Rob's marriage Charlie was married to Hettie May Shumway August 22, 1900. There can be no question whether they were acquainted or not, for they had gone to the same school and Sunday school from the time they were in the primary grade till they graduated from the country school. (Maybe this isn't quite literally true but very nearly.)

Pa and Ma had planned a visit to Indiana at this time, and Charlie says that the folks took their wedding trip for them for he and Hettie "kept the

home fires burning" until they returned. In the mean time they went to their newly acquired place and repaired and repapered the house and cleaned up things generally, ready to move as soon as the folks got home.

A daughter Isa Ruth was born May 29, 1901. She is their only child. She received her early schooling in the home district country school. Her high schooling in the Lyons high school. She was graduated from college at Winfield, Kansas. She has taken post graduate work and has her masters degree. She taught school for a number of years. She has remained single and has been at home the last two or three years. Charlies still live on the same farm. They have improved it until it is modern in very respect. They have acquired several more farms through the years. About two years ago there were five farmers in the state who qualified as "Master Farmers," Charlie was selected as one of them. He received a medal and attended a meeting in Topeka, Kansas, where they and the others were banqueted and the medals presented.

Charlie and Hettie celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary with a fine dinner to which the relatives and friends were invited, and "a good time was had by all."

All these years Pearl has been growing up and on her eighteenth birthday anniversary she was married to Arthur L. Burfield, May 23, 1905. They did not go to housekeeping to themselves, but lived at home for three years. Arthur and Pa did the farming and Pearl helped with the house work. They all got along together very nicely and were mutually congenial.

*Mr. and Mrs. Levi Plank*
*Golden Wedding Day, 1916*

Soon after this they bought a farm five miles north of Lyons on which they still make their home. Their first child, Vergil, was born September 20, 1910. A second son, Cletus, December 23, 1913. Another son, Marvel, March 1, 1921. Since there were no daughters they have taken a girl to raise who's name is Thelma Belle Burfield. Her birth date is November 28, 1928. Arthur and Pearl have worked hard and have also added more acres to their original farm, built a new eight room house and modernized it. It is a home that is in every way adequate to their needs. Pearl thinks she does not care ever to leave it, and that no where else would ever seem like home.

Vergil and Cletus have both married. Marvel and Thelma are still at home. The boys received their education in the country school then took their high schooling in Lyons. Vergil took his college work in Kansas State Agricultural College in Manhattan, Kansas. Thelma is still in school.

I'll go back and take up the story when we were married and moved to town. I found life very different. Living in town was all strange and new to me. Always having been used to a large family now to be alone so much of the time I hardly knew how to pass the time. Burt not only worked at the store all day, but the stores were open evenings until 9:00 o'clock and even later if there were any customers or "loafers" in the store. When they were all gone at last, there were odd jobs to be attended to, so usually it was nearly 10:00 o'clock when he got home. Often times I could have gone out home as well as not if there were any way to have gone, except to walk. It was three and a

quarter miles which would not have been so far, only it was that far back again. Pa still had my old side saddle and "Rock" the little yellow pony was still living, so one day he said, "I'll give "Rock" to you if you want him, then you can come home whenever you want to." It was quite a temptation to go and get him but we had no barn and to feed him would have have been an extra bill of expense that we could not afford so did not accept his offer.

We went out to Father Forney's more frequently. He came in every Saturday morning and helped in the store. He drove a team of ponies to the double seated spring wagon and we went out home with him after the store closed Saturday nights and some one brought us back Sunday evening. There was a large family of them and they all got up Sunday morning and got ready for Sunday school and church. No not quite all, for Mother Forney usually stayed at home and had dinner ready when we got home.

Often in addition to the immediate family there would also be others that came with them after church. After dinner some one would play the organ and we would sing half the afternoon. Pa Forney was a singing teacher in his younger days. He was chorister in the Sunday school and led the church choir for many years.

Occasionally Burt would hire a "Livery Rig" when we needed to go anywhere especially, but of course could not do it very often. He hired a horse and buggy once in two weeks to come and see me before we were married, now that he had a wife to support he could not do it so often.

I wonder what would happen these days if the

"boy friends" did not go to visit their "girl friends" more often than once in two weeks. Now most of them seem to think they have to go to see their girls every night which they could not have "got by" with when we were girls. Our father would have had something to say about it that was very much "to the point."

Now that we were settled in our new home I was not so intimately in touch with all that was going on in the old home. There were probably many interesting things still going on that I knew nothing about so they will not get into this story.

One thing I do know, they were all still working every day at the tasks that came along. Pa had bought several farms through the years. Ma did not like "hired men" as has been mentioned before, neither did she like to have the farms rented to strangers. When Rob and Charlie were ready to go to farming for themselves Pa either rented or sold them a farm.

One year Pa sold a farm and divided the money equally to the seven children and the amount to each was $1,060.00. They took a lot of pleasure in helping us along the way, rather than to leave it all to us after they would be gone.

Here I will say a few words about our church relationships. While Will never joined the church that I know of, he was baptized, and when they lived in Kansas City he visited all the churches, including the Jewish and Catholic. Lome, her daughters and their families all belong to the Baptist Church and take active part in all the services. Myself and family are all Methodists and attend regularly. Rob, his married children and their

families, Pearl and her family are also Methodists, and attend the country church, "Ebenezer," seven miles northwest of Lyons. Nora and her family were members of the Lyons Christian Church.

*Mr. and Mrs. Levi Plank and Family, Golden Wedding Day, 1916*

## CHAPTER XVI.

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### The Final Chapter

AGAIN we will turn back to the time our folks moved to Lyons. Ma said she wanted to take their driving horse and the buggy along. There was a barn on their lot, also a buggy shed. Their horse was very gentle and Ma drove him by herself whenever she wanted to go to town or any other place. His name was "Barney." However, after Barney was kept in a small lot or in the barn all the time, when he was hitched up he proposed to get some much needed exercise out of it and he became almost unmanageable so it did not work out as Ma had hoped it would. I think too, that Barney remembered the home on the farm, and when he was headed that way he was in a hurry to get there.

Pa always had good health and he seldom was sick but at last he had to take his turn. In the spring of 1915 he became ill and found that he would have to have a very serious operation. He went to the Halstead hospital and they found that his condition was worse than they anticipated. They called the operation "a success" and after a month sent him home. He did not get along as well as he should so was very poorly for several months, part of the time seemingly losing in strength steadily, then again seeming to gain. After eight months he again was quite well but never very strong.

The year 1916 was the fiftieth year of their married life and they commenced to look forward to celebrating the event. All their children were within easy reach to attend except me. I at that time lived in California. They wrote to me about the preparations, and kept me informed about the plans. They were starting to piece a quilt. Each one of the women made a "block." They sent me pieces so I could make one, too. When they were all pieced they were joined and several quiltings were required to finish it. The two things Ma especially liked were pretty bedding and pretty dishes. The quilt had quite a lot of gold colored material in it, and it was one of the gifts from the children. The other was a set of beautiful Haviland China dishes.

When the day arrived I was there too, so that the family circle would be complete. They now had been married fifty years and there had never been a death in the family, which was quite a record when there were seven children and the youngest nearly thirty years of age.

The dining room Ma had planned to be large enough for family dinners surely met the requirements for the occasion, as it accommodated the crowd very nicely. Two long tables were set, the table of the honor couple was set with the new Haviland China and looked very lovely. Neva was in California, and she sent a box of flowers, orange blossoms, mistletoe and others for beautifying the rooms. So now they had orange blossoms of which they each wore a buttonhole bouquet. It was a very pleasant fall day and after dinner we had the photographer come and take a group of all the guests. It was taken out of doors on the west side

*GUESTS AT GOLDEN WEDDING*

UPPER ROW, *left to right*: John Blessing, Frank Bethers, Walter Murray, Harry Groth, Robert Plank, Willis Plank, Charlie Plank, Arthur Burfield, Mrs. David Townley, Rev. David Townley;
SECOND ROW: Ruth Plank, Gladys Plank, Mrs. Dola Groth, Opal Plank, Mrs. Cora Plank, Mrs. Addie Forney, Mrs. Salome Cassingham, Mrs. Nora Blessing, Mrs. Pearl Burfield, Fern Murray, Minta Plank, Miss Isabel Roberts;
THIRD ROW: Mrs. Fannie Plank, Mrs. Mamie Murray, Mrs. Hettie Plank, Mrs. Florence Bethers, Mrs. C. V. Plank, Mr. C. V. Plank, Mr. Levi Plank, Mrs. Levi Plank, Mr. Ira Lehmer, Mrs. Mary Jane Lehmer, Mrs. Maude Hoyt, Mr. Frank Hoyt;
FOURTH ROW: Lee Blessing, Lila Plank, Vernon Groth, Cletus Burfield, Vergil Burfield, Marvin Plank.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Plank, also Ira Lehmer attended the wedding fifty years ago.

of the house. After that the immediate family went to the studio and had a group picture taken and a small one of Pa and Ma. The plans all worked out successfully, and it was a day we will always remember with pleasure.

It was just six months after this, May 3, 1917, that Ma died. She had been poorly for a long time but apparently not much more so than usual. She had gotten their supper and washed the dishes as usual, everything was put away in its accustomed place. Some time after two o'clock she had a very bad spell with her stomach. She took some medicine but said it only made her worse. Miss Roberts, a school teacher who roomed up stairs was called, and Nora, who lived just across the corner from Pa's. Miss Roberts got down before Ma passed away, but she was gone before Nora got there.

Ma had always been a neat house keeper as I have said before. I remember hearing her say that she could have gotten a meal in the dark as far as knowing where to put her hands on the things she wanted to use was concerned, until we girls got old enough to help with the work. She carried the same characteristics through life.

They sent me the message after her death but felt that I could not come back again so soon. The rest were all home for the funeral

Since life is made up of sorrows as well as joys they, too, must be a part of this story.

Nora was the first of the seven children to be taken by death. Her illness was of long duration and everything possible was done that held out a chance for relief from suffering, if not for a cure. They traveled from one state to another to the best

known specialists only to be told that there was nothing they could do. She passed away January 20, 1926. She was buried beside her first husband in the Lyons cemetery, where all of the near relatives of the family are buried.

Pa continued to live in the home after Ma's death, and Lome kept house for him.

A couple years after Burt's death we came back to Lyons, and we lived with Pa for a year. After this Lome stayed with him again until he decided he was getting too old to try to maintain his home any longer so he and Lome divided all the furniture and furnishings into seven equal parts and Pa gave us each a share. He did not want to make an auction sale to dispose of the things that once were the furnishings of the home.

He rented the house and went to Pearl's to make his home. He was content there for he loved the country and was always interested in all that was going on about the place. After a time he had a "stroke" and much of the time he was helpless.

Finally Pearl became unable to care for him, so we took him into our home and cared for him until the last month when he was taken to the Lyons hospital where he died November 16, 1928. He had now lived eleven years after Ma passed away and all that time he was very patient and appreciated everything that was being done for him. He very carefully planned his finances so that there need be no difficulty in closing his business affairs.

They had lived a good life, had "finished their course" and had the respect of all who knew them, and were loved and honored by all their children.

The End.